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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME II — SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1925 — NUMBER 1

"For People Who Think"

THEY passed a zoning law in New York for quite unæsthetic reasons, and a new type of architecture resulted. The price of short stories and serials rose to extravagant heights; editors competed for "names" which would satisfy their advertisers until editorial costs threatened to sink the ship; if it is names they want, said one shrewder than the others, let us go to the dead who are more numerous than the living, more famous, and far less expensive. And so the newsstands began to be spotted with "Hugo," "Stevenson," "Dumas," "Poe," "Scott," "Conrad," "Dickens," and the public who had never read the so-called classics, welcomed them back into popularity. The lover of good literature chuckles. Because the most popular of living woman novelists is no longer purchasable at less than fifty or a hundred thousand dollars, the editor says, go to, if we can no longer afford reputations we will spend what we have upon fame.

It is a lap of the race between quantity and quality, where the dark horse is quite as likely to bear one name as the other. Quantity is usually ahead. Indeed, in spite of *The Dial*, *the International Review*, Greenwich Village, and Bloomsbury, the really dynamic energies of the period are devoted everywhere in the West to the needs of the masses. Where Keats wrote for a fit audience though few, and Godwin or Hamilton or John Stuart Mill tried to reach superior minds, our efforts must touch the millions directly. Between raising a hundred men an inch, or a million a millimetre, we choose the millimetre.

No use in complaining because you still believe in such old-fashioned ideas as the Best, the Finest, the Noblest, the Most Civilized. The process is as inevitable as the morning tide, although, like the tide, it stirs up innumerable whirls of exasperated individualism. What we choose to call literature is usually to be found in the eddies and back currents, but the vast sum of human endeavor in our age flows with the equalitarian sea.

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Is it better from the standpoint of Culture to concentrate the product, or to debase it by standardization so that it may be passed all round? Is it better to make soda water or champagne? The hopeful say that we will do both. Can we? Are we? Would a careful judge, comparing 1925 with 1825 and 1725, answer in the affirmative? If he is a wise judge he will not answer at all, at least for this generation. We have set out to civilize the human race; to make everybody read, to give everybody good table manners, to teach science and reason to all. As the savage tribe always called itself "the people," so our description of ourselves *en masse* is "the people who think." It is an astonishing attitude, compounded of one part idealism, one part energy, one part ignorance, and one part bunk. Which cells are growing fastest it is hard to say. On a rainy Monday one is inclined to bet on the bunk, but at clear sunset one is not so sure.

A sagacious reader will know that this vast enterprise of the greatest good for the greatest number underlies every major movement in our time. He must always judge with that fact for premise. If he does so, he is more likely to appreciate the true worth of rebels who persist in seeking the excellent rather than the successful, and yet be aware of the importance of many a book whose absolute value as art or thought is next to nothing. If he does not, his complaints of the present will be those of a querulous child, crying in the night.

The Cuckoo's Street

By JOSEPH CAMPBELL

OUT of sedgy fields
I came on Sraid-na-Cuacha.

What did you see there?

Castles white with lime;
Cuckoos in gold cages,
And black queens feeding them;
Trees dropping moons
Into vats of mead;
A goat-fair—goats
Whose horns were double rainbows;
Goatherds fiddling,
Naked babies dancing;
Jugglers throwing gourds
Through the rings of brooches;
Old Father Time
Sitting drunken on a stone.

Out of Sraid-na-Cuacha
I came on ferny hills.

This Week

"Caravan." Reviewed by *Homer E. Woodbridge.*

"Dr. Transit." Reviewed by *Matthew Josephson.*

"The Venetian Glass Nephew." Reviewed by *Carl Van Vechten.*

"Mr. Pepys." Reviewed by *Wilbur C. Abbott.*

"Lafcadio Hearn's American Day." Reviewed by *Joseph T. Shipley.*

"Man and His Affairs." Reviewed by *Cassius J. Keyser.*

"Two Books on Mysticism." Reviewed by *William Ernest Hocking.*

"The Cambridge Ancient History." Reviewed by the late *Albert T. Clay.*

A Reformed Character. By *Charles A. Bennett.*

The Bowling Green. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

Tohu and Bohu. By *Elmer Davis.*

Physician and Humanist. By *William H. Welch, M. D.*

Dark Laughter. Reviewed by *Henry Seidel Canby.*

"Uncle Tom's Cabin." By *Lyman Beecher Stowe.*

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The Poetry of Amy Lowel

By JOHN LIVINGSTON LOWES

WE are still far too close to the brillia and arresting personality which was An Lowell for a dispassionate appraisal the one thing for which above all else she cared- her poetry. She was herself, through her vividne and force,* the most disturbing factor in o judgment, and no one who knew her can wri with entire detachment about her work. One c only speak with sincerity, and trust that on opinions are not too far from the truth. Wh then, accepting once for all these limitations, h she left which has enduring value? All else after all of secondary moment, and for our pu pose we may disregard it here.

When an eager intellectual curiosity is coupl with a spirit of adventure and an indomitab will, things will happen. And when with the qualities there is conjoined a no less eager ser of beauty as revealed in line and light and col and the potentialities of words and rhythms, t thing that happens will be poetry. And the poet so engendered will be apt to add to the sum beauty and to enrich our sense of it in unexpect and sometimes disconcerting ways. And it w also inevitably, in common with all adventuri (and with most things else), fail twice to or that it triumphantly succeeds. Those are t glories—attainment and attempts alike—of t spirit of adventure, and in that inextinguishal spirit the poetry of Amy Lowell is steeped.

I am not sure that this is not indeed its m distinctive characteristic. It flashes like a ba ner through the pages of "Can Grande's Castl and "Legends," and "Men, Women and Ghost But I suspect that its even more significant e pression is found in poems which to all seemi are utterly bare of it. Let me quote one of th which happens to be explicit in its title:

DAWN ADVENTURE

I stood in my window looking at the double cherry:
A great height of white stillness,
Underneath a sky the color of milky grey jade.
Suddenly a crow flew between me and the tree—
Swooping, falling, in a shadow-black curve—
And blotted himself out in the blurred branches of leafless ash.
There he stayed for some time, and I could only d tinguish him by his slight moving.
Then a wind caught the upper branches of the cherry,
And the long, white stems nodded up and down, casual to me in the window.
Nodded—but overhead the grey jade clouds passed slow indifferently, toward the sea.
—High, white stillness, cut suddenly by a falli curve of black; then a wind in the whitene and the friendly signal of the earthborn heig set over against the slow, indifferent movement the higher height out toward a kindred dee first a picture, succinct and sparing as a Chine print; then all at once a touch which opens vistas in that moment at the window is the sudden thr of unforeseen experience which is at the he of all adventure. And the poem is typical of hundred others. At any moment the famili may assume one of a thousand fleeting aspects freshness or surprise. To catch this evanescen above all to fix it, is perennial adventure and endless quest. Often enough the swift irradiati is uncaptured, or it dims beneath the intractal medium of words, or in the effort to escape th dulling its intensity is overwrought. But that is part of the adventure. And more th any recent poet Amy Lowell sought and miss

*What's O'Clock. By Amy Lowell. Bost Houghton Mifflin Co. 1925. $2.25.

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and won triumphantly experience and expression of those flashes of sudden beauty which pass before most of us can say: "Lo! there!"—which pass before many of us even know they are.

For she has been for years enlarging our boundaries through her own keen, clear perceptions of beauty that most of us have missed, and through her fearlessness in saying precisely what she saw. It was very often not what we saw, and we were apt to question its existence, or at best to dub the thing extreme. It often was; all ardent spirits overshoot the mark. But when the mark was hit (and that is the sole matter of importance), some familiar, even hackneyed object or experience stood sharply out in fresh and often startling beauty. No poet writing today, I think, save Thomas Hardy, saw and heard with more acute perception, or saw and heard and felt so many shades and tones and shapes of things —brilliant and subtle and fugitive and firm. And joined with this quick sensitiveness to physical impressions was an intellectual honesty as sensitive —a passion for truth which never knowingly falsified the report of what was seen. And that alert and vivid sense of beauty, restless with a poet's craving for expression, yet in expression lucidly exact, has schooled us, skeptical and reluctant scholars, to a quickened vision of strange [illegible] in familiar things.

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' that to some this emphasis on the familiar will seem capriciously misplaced. But Amy Lowell lived with equal intensity in two worlds. One was the world of the crowded pages of "The Bronze Horses," and "Sea-Blue and Blood-Red," and "Guns as Keys; and the Great Gate Swings," and "Witch-Woman," and "From a Yucca to a Passion-Vine," and "Many Swans": the world of the Orient, and of strange legends and superstitions, and of a Past which lay in a mirror before her, dazzling in its brilliancy and tumultuous with movement—a world as remote as the planet Mars from Brookline Village, Massachusetts. The other was rooted deep in those things which were to her the centre—the things which were *her own*. And the poems which are touched with perhaps the most enduring beauty are those at the heart of which are the objects of her passionate attachment: her garden, the great room in which from sunset till sunrise she lived and talked and wrote, the shifting play of light and color on trees and birds and sky outside her window, and (merged with all and crowning all) she to whom was dedicated, in "John Keats," "This, and all my books." "Madonna of the Evening Flowers," "Vernal Equinox," "Bright Sunlight," "July Midnight," "The Garden by Moonlight," "A Sprig of Rosemary," "Penumbra," "Prime," "Vespers," "Summer Night Piece;" "The Corner of Night and Morning," "Beech, Pine, and Sunlight," "Planning the Garden," "Dog-Days," "To Winkey," "Lilacs," "Purple Grackles"—behind these lies a depth and inwardness unborrowed of the eye:

A black cat among roses.
Phlox, lilac-misted under a first-quarter moon,
The sweet smells of heliotrope and night-scented stock.
The garden is very still,
It is dazed with moonlight,
Contented with perfume,
Dreaming the opium dreams of its folded poppies.
Firefly lights open and vanish
High as the tip buds of the golden glow,
Low as the sweet alyssum flowers at my feet. . .
Only the cat, padding between the roses,
Shakes a branch and breaks the chequered pattern
As water is broken by the falling of a leaf.
Then you come,
And you are quiet like the garden,
And white like the alyssum flowers,
And beautiful as the silent sparks of the fireflies.
Ah, Beloved, do you see those orange lilies?
They knew my mother,
But who belonging to me will they know
When I am gone?

No one can read that and fail to understand that it was through no happy accident but by virtue of a subtle kinship that the poems of "Fir-Flower Tablets" are, in their exquisite art, among the masterpieces of their kind. They are unique, I suppose, in that their translator knew no Chinese. There is no need to rehearse the story which the book tells for itself of the intimate collaboration with Mrs. Ayscough, who, through her insight into the genius of the language, was to her friend "the pathway to a new world," so that the long and arduous task became "an exciting and inspiring thing." It was one of the great adventures. And in nothing that Miss Lowell did are the finest qualities of her art more unerringly displayed. Its clarity is no less luminous, but its incised sharpness of line is softened, and its vividness acquires a purer tone. It is as if the mellow serenity of the age-old Orient had descended upon the more restless, keen-edged beauty of a newer world:

The village is hazy, hazy,
And mist sucks over the open moor. . . .
My private rooms are quiet,
And calm with the leisure of moonlight through an open door.

Something of the magic of that tranquil line pervades the volume. And paradoxical as it may seem, more than anywhere else except in her own garden or her own high-walled room, one feels that here Amy Lowell was at home. And one feels, too, that had she lived in the eighth century, by the Peach-Flower Pool and the Swallow Mountains and the Yellow Crane Tower, she would have seen essentially what Li T'Ai Po and Tu Fu saw, and would have expressed its breath and finer spirit in a fashion fundamentally the same.

The house of the lonely scholar is in the winding lane.
The great scholar's gate is very high.
The garden pool lies and shines like the magic gall mirror;
Groves of trees throw up flowers with wide, open faces;
The leaf-coloured water draws the Spring sun.
Sitting in the green, covered passage-way, watching the strange, red clouds of evening,
Listening to the lovely music of flageolets and strings,
The Golden Valley is not much to boast of.

The clear spring reflects the thin, wide-spreading pine-tree—
And for how many thousand, thousand years?
No one knows.
The late Autumn moon shivers along the little water ripples,
The brilliance of it flows in through the window.
Before it I sit for a long time absent-mindedly chanting,
Thinking of my friend—
What deep thoughts!
There is no way to see him. . . .
. . . . But already the bright hills hold half of the sun between their lips. . . .
And, rising, one can see the Autumn moon sliding beneath the ripples of the river,
While slowly the sun mounts in the East—
What hope for the revels now?

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Precisely what is Amy Lowell and what Li T'Ai Po, I neither know nor greatly care. But I do know that she has taken things of beauty which to their readers for centuries were (as they felt them) "like Spring flowers," "like the branches of trees reflected in water—the branches of still trees," and through her unison with their spirit has recreated their delicate, lingering charm.

I have dwelt on the later lyrics because I believe that among them are the poems which are most surely marked for immortality. But these moments when swift, penetrating vision is subdued to keeping with the mood which it has stirred are but one element in an astonishing profusion. Those of us who have followed the rapid sequence of Miss Lowell's books—or rather, the succession of absorbing interests out of which they sprang—have marvelled at the unabated zest with which fresh fields were entered, searchingly explored, and then annexed. For Amy Lowell had to a high degree the instincts of the scholar bound up, in a nature of singular complexity, with the spirit of adventure and the artist's compelling bent. Sometimes one quality was uppermost, sometimes another; custom never staled her infinite variety. But in the longer, more ambitious poems the student in her, for both good and ill, walked *pari passu* with the adventurer and the poet. In the difficult art of research she was self-taught, but no trained investigator ever brought to his task more tireless energy or a more obstinate determination to find out everything which for the purpose of the moment could be learned. That I know, for I have seen it. What it gave to her poems was a veracity in fundamentals as remarkable as it is by most of her readers unsuspected. For necessarily the artist has transmuted what the investigator brought. Between what I have been saying and this declaration of her own in "Legends" there is not the slightest inconsistency:

I have changed, added, subtracted, jumbled several together at will, left out portions; in short, made them over to suit my particular vision. . . The truth of poetry is imaginative, not literal, and it is as a poet that I have conceived and written my book.

So did Chaucer, so did Coleridge, so did Keats. Read side by side with "Many Swans" the stark, primitive Kathlemet legend which so kindled Amy Lowell's imagination; compare with the "Legend of Porcelain" the books on Chinese pottery which gave to it its lavishness of exquisite detail—do this (to take no more examples), and there will come fresh understanding of the ways of the imagination with its delved and garnered stuff. "Not that exact knowledge could help the act of creation," wrote Miss Lowell of Keats, "but that, with knowledge as a spring-board, imagination could leap with more certainty of aim." One could reconstruct Amy Lowell's ripest *Ars Poetica* from passages scattered through the pages of "John Keats," and that last sentence reflects her own experience.

Heaven forbid, however, that I should convey to anyone (if such there be!) who does not know "Can Grande's Castle" or "Legends" the notion that they are academic! They exhaust, on the contrary, one's adjectives (Miss Lowell's were inexhaustible) even to suggest their flashing, impetuous movement, the gaiety and gusto with which their bright, pure, sharply cut images pour along, their combined sweep and concentration, the dramatic contrasts and the stir and tumult of their incidents. I know no writer of English whose command of the rich vocabulary of sensuous impresssions approaches Amy Lowell's; the almost physical impact of it startles one each time one turns her pages. But just these qualities which I have mentioned constitute, and always have, a peril to the artist.

There is in Miss Lowell's "Critical Fable" a *tour de force* of self-portraiture—or rather, a gay, sparkling, whimsical portrait of herself as she knew that others saw her. It was not meant to be taken too seriously. But behind its "gorgeous nonsense" (to use a phrase of Coleridge's) is the humorous detachment of a keen intellect turned with disarming candor upon itself. And one stroke of characterization is particularly apposite here:

Armed to the teeth like an old Samurai,
Juggling with jewels like the ancient genii,
Hung all over with mouse-traps of metres, and cages
Of bright-plumaged rhythms, with pages and pages
Of colours slit up into streaming confetti
Which give the appearance of something sunsetty,
And gorgeous, and flowing—a curious sight
She makes in her progress, a modern White Knight,
Forever explaining her latest inventions. . . .

Nobody who knows the most engaging figure in "Alice Through the Looking Glass" will miss the half-rueful, half amusedly tolerant point of that. It reminds one irresistibly of an equally candid remark of Coleridge's about his talk:

The second sort [of talkers] is of those who use five hundred more ideas, images, reasons, etc., than there is any need of to arrive at their object, till the only object arrived at is that the mind's eye of the bystander is dazzled with colors succeeding so rapidly as to leave one vague impression that there has been a great blaze of colors all about something. Now this is my case, and a grievous fault it is. My illustrations swallow up my thesis.

It was Coleridge, as it happens, who, in "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel" and "Kubla Khan," was to Amy Lowell the supreme artist of them all; and both he and she were clear-sighted enough to recognize, the one in his conversation and the other in her verse, the common defect of their quality, which was a too free spending of their affluence—an excess sometimes magnificent, but still excess. And one feels this in Miss Lowell's poetry, I think, precisely where the check of the familiar is withdrawn, and her intensely pictorial imagination revels at will in the exercise of its visualizing energy upon objects and events which (as she says in the Preface to "Can Grande's Castle") she "cannot have experienced," yet which "seem as actual as [her] own existence." Of their vivid actuality there can be no question, but we are often dazzled by the unrelieved profusion of brilliant imagery, and instead of the sense of a large simplicity which the Chinese poems leave, we carry away that other impression of the "great blaze of colors all about something," which succeeded the most amazing talk of modern times. But that after all is not quite the whole story. I must once more

(*Continued on page* 174)

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Sands of Life

CARAVAN. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925. $2.50

Reviewed by HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE
Wesleyan University

THE publication of Mr. Galsworthy's collected tales is a literary event of the first magnitude. The fact that none of the fifty-six stories assembled in "Caravan" is new has tended to obscure the importance of the book. As an achievement it is a fitting companion to "The Forsyte Saga"; it is likely to be remembered as long, and to have an even wider influence. It would not be surprising if in the long run Mr. Galsworthy's plays and shorter narratives should be ranked above his novels. In the drama and especially in the short story he has been more of a pioneer than in the novel. Such vivid sketches from life as "Quality," "The Black Godmother," "The Broken Boot," and "The Nightmare Child," to mention a few almost at random, have widened the range of the short story in English; they have the simplicity and immediacy of the best Russian work. Such character studies as "A Stoic," "The Man Who Kept His Form," "A Knight," and "Had a Horse" have proved the falsity of the notion that individual characters cannot be created in a short tale. In his short stories Mr. Galsworthy is freer from the restrictions and conventions of form than in either his plays or his novels; there is not a suggestion of the mechanical about them; yet many of them are superb examples of narrative technique. "The Apple-tree" and "A Feud" and "The First and the Last," for instance, are masterly in structure.

It is true that the collection would have been strengthened by the omission of perhaps eight or ten of the slighter pieces. A few, such as "The Mother Stone" and "Philanthropy," may be accused of triviality; "A Reversion to Type" is unconvincing; "Expectations" is rather commonplace; "Spindleberries" is perhaps oversubtle. But most of the stories illustrate admirably Mr. Cabell's definition of literature as "re-readable books"; many of them gain greatly by a second reading. They emerge triumphantly also from another severe test. Instead of losing by being read in succession, they gain from their grouping a sort of cumulative effect. Mr. Galsworthy has often boldly placed together stories alike in theme or situation; and the result is that not the resemblances, as in most such collections, but the distinctions of each story are emphasized. I do not know where to look for another volume of tales comparable to "Caravan" in variety and range, in delicate exactness of vision, and in the suggestiveness which carries the reader's thought out beyond the story into life.

The Mad Paracelsus

DR. TRANSIT. By I. S. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

"DR. TRANSIT" was written by a poet with an unbridled imagination; fantasy, Wellsian speculation upon the future of the world and the inner potentialities of man are but a pretext to unclench a brilliant rhetorical instrument.

The poetic method is that of metaphor: this is the more primitive and intuitive method of thinking, which must have preceded syllogistic reasoning, since it is believed that the very beginnings of language are rooted in metaphor, and that the first words were onomatopoeic sounds. In this field, the anonymous author of "Dr. Transit" is almost unrivalled; every object his mind touches assumes muscle, movement, direction. Even the floors upon which his subjects walk are personified.

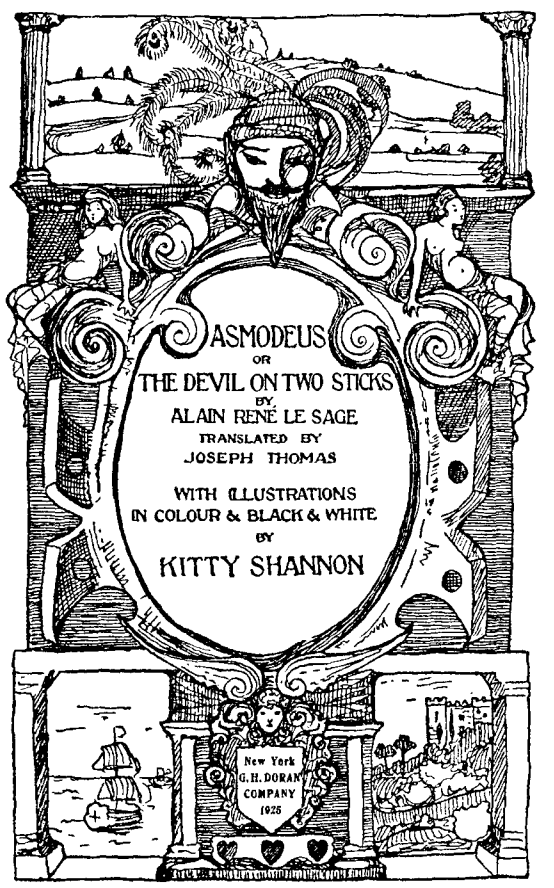
> I stood on a literally uneasy floor; every now and then an embarrassed convulsion flayed it. . . The distraught floor now felt like a huddle of backs and shoulders turning heavily; the voices seemed to choke up from them and had a sharpness as of pain. It was unnerving to feel under your feet a sobbing thing.

The bold and eternally varying use of metaphor has a transforming effect upon the material. It is a narration in which faces and voices and thoughts are distorted with a wild imagination. And out of these careening and distorted shapes illuminations come and go with sudden flickering gleams.

The story of Dr. Transit takes up the idea of sex-transformation. We have been entertained recently by the rumored possibilities of sex-determination. Now there comes into the bookish, quietly domestic world of John and Mary (what a romantic fiction these names are!) the almost mythical Doctor, *savant*, magi, who knows how to transform a grown woman into a man and *vice-versa*. Nor is it hard once the change has been instituted to retransform. For instance, John, made into Joan, bears a child, and has herself (himself) turned into Jeremiah.

The coming of Dr. Transit is then most adventitious. For he arrives with his comet-train of myth and scandal upon a world of women, weary of being women and undergoing gestation, and men, weary of fathering their families; men, therefore longing to become women, and women pining to be men. The possible fusions of sex-instincts and reorganizations of character offer the most entertaining consequences, and this the untamed imagination of the author employs as the theatre for his rhetorical fireworks.

It is a very plausible attitude. If one regards



Title page from "Asmodeus or the Devil on Two Sticks" (Doran)

modern civilization with any scrutiny it becomes apparent that the artists are wanting in invention or fancy, while the men of science have usurped all the imaginative and enterprising traits formerly associated with the poets. Our poets wish to be realistic; our physicists and mathematicians, dreamers. Looking about us at the life of today among skyscrapers, tubes, roof-gardens, omnibuses, it may be felt that all is enveloped in such a legendary unreality as were the feats and monuments of the Greeks and the Egyptians. The greatest myth of all is surely the faith in science and the powers of scientists; it fills our Sunday supplements with more sensational matter than the most decayed family closets. The most magical and miraculous personage today is the scientist; still more, the pseudo-scientist. Because I. S. is essentially a poet, Dr. Transit must always remain for us a pseudo-scientist.

The anonymous author is apparently a young modern writer whose interests are wide and whose diction is amazingly extensive. To gain his strange ends, he stops of course at nothing in the way of verbal acrobatics. It is interesting to note the clearness with which the curve of literature of this type points away from the confined realism of the prevailing style toward an area of unbounded romanticism.

The preposterous situations which Dr. Transit provokes are built up and exploited with the pell-mell abandon of a mind that is too crowded to pause and examine itself, too filled with rich food to digest everything. Restraint and balance, which we should have implored in another, would perhaps have been fatal to I. S. His is such a teeming and leaping imagination that, ungainly and terrifying as some of his creations are, we are veritably swept off our feet at other moments by the madness of the metaphor. "Dr. Transit" is a singular, a disturbing book out of which one comes with no solution and little peace of mind, save a conviction of the unlimited capabilities of the myth-enclouded author.

A Whisper Spun in Murano

THE VENETIAN GLASS NEPHEW. By ELINOR WYLIE. New York: George H. Doran. 1925. $2.00.

Reviewed by CARL VAN VECHTEN
Author of "The Tattooed Countless"

IT is the fault of a certain school of criticism to complain acridly because one author does not succeed in doing what another attempts. It is a matter of indifference to such a critic that the first writer worked with a design of his own. He is, therefore, roundly berated for being himself rather than Willa Cather or Dostoievsky.

Reasonably enough, in the circumstances, Elinor Wylie has been the involuntary target for certain of these sharp-shooters. The fact that she completely realizes her ambitious intention probably will not save her from more of this peppering. After reading "Jennifer Lorn", I was convinced that it would be impossible for Mrs. Wylie to write a mediocre book, let alone a bad one. "The Venetian Glass Nephew" has served to confirm that conviction. Henceforth I shall take it for granted that those who fail to appreciate this artist's creations are merely unsympathetic with her subtle predeterminations.

There is no one else who writes with the exquisite finesse, the precise elegance, pointed with a refined irony, that is Elinor Wylie's. In her atmospheric evocation of the eighteenth century she remains, in our day, without a serious rival.

Her new romance is like a silver whisper, blown and spun into iridescent crystal. It is permeated with beauty, an artificial, heartless beauty that is paradoxically warming in its effect on the reader. The masks of Longhi and Carlo Gozzi, himself one of the characters, sway and bend before us to tender music; the odors of musk and peppermint pervade the air. The beautiful, sixteen-year old heroine is a blue-stocking, known to the rococo Arcadian Academy as the Infant Sappho. She avidly devours the classics and constructs odes in the strictest forms until she loses her heart to the frail and fragile hero of the title. Confiding her graceful self to his keeping, she wins but a sorry reward until she submits, willingly enough, to a Procrustean and painful transformation which serves to create a condition of enduring, if somewhat placid, ecstasy.

This delicate fable is wrought with such ingenuity and insight, with such curious skill in the manipulation of aural, olfactory, tactile, and ocular values, with such sympathetic comprehension of the mainsprings of human action, that it may be quite a simple matter for some readers to enjoy the mere narrative without in the least understanding its ironic implications. Fortunately for the pleasure of such naïve folk, sufficient delight may be derived from a surface contemplation of the magical machinery to make it unnecessary to inquire too closely into the somewhat pessimistic philosophy that the author conceals behind her own Longhi mask. But the irony and the pessimism are there to satisfy percipience.

For the rest, it may interest prospective readers to learn that no less a personage than Giacomo Casanova di Seingalt, disguised in an anagrammatic domino, is the protagonist and never, certainly not in his own autobiography, has the fellow appeared to more brilliant purpose. The passage in which he offers himself to Rosalba is conceived in the spirit of true tragi-comedy. It is a passage I shall not soon forget.

Of this book it seems sufficient to say that its fragrant charm has an air of perdurability, as such things go. The appreciative reader will return often to derive æsthetic sustenance from the rich variety of its treasures.

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In High Relief

MR. PEPYS. An Introduction to the Diary, together with a Sketch of his later Life. By J. R. TANNER. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1925.

Reviewed by WILBUR C. ABBOTT
Harvard University

A RECENT, and perhaps not too well informed, reviewer of this little volume has welcomed it with the observation that it shows much knowledge and enthusiasm in regard to its subject. Considering that Mr. Tanner is the leading authority in the world on Samuel Pepys, that he has edited Pepys's papers for the Navy Records Society, and that he has devoted a long life and eminent abilities to the subject, this seems scant praise. This book is, in fact, the best of its kind which has yet appeared, and it holds out the promise of a larger biography which will have the advantage of the material which Mr. Wheatley collected for that purpose, as well as the results of the researches of Mr. Norman.

To that larger biography, whose appearance all lovers of Pepys must eagerly await, this volume is, as it were, a preliminary sketch. Yet it is more than that. It contains in its three hundred pages not only an extraordinary amount of valuable material, much of it new, but it forms an introduction to the work which has given Pepys his place in history and letters for the past hundred years better even than that of Mr. Wheatley—and it would be hard to give it higher praise. There is no one interested in Pepys, in seventeenth century literature, in the history of the period, or, in fact, in almost any subject relating to Pepys's time, who will not find in it material for pleasure and profit. The eighty pages which have to do with Pepys's later life are of great interest and utility, and will be a revelation to those whose knowledge of the diarist is derived from the Diary. For all good Pepysians know, what seems to be concealed from so many others, that the great Diarist was also a still greater Secretary of the Navy. As the author of the present volume observes, it may serve to bring together the two Pepysian traditions, and give the twentieth century what its predecessors lacked, an adequate and well-rounded portrait of the Secretary-Diarist.

Such a study as this does not, indeed, permit the inclusion of two kinds of material which go to the making of a complete portrait, for it omits most of the political background, and most, if not all, of the *amours*. It will therefore disappoint the mere scholar and the mere pornographer. That is, perhaps, one of the best things about it from the standpoint of one who is primarily interested in the subject of the book itself. To him, and to all of that numerous company concerned with life and letters, especially in the seventeenth century, it may unhesitatingly be commended, not only as an introduction to the Diary, as its author perhaps too modestly entitles it, but as an admirable piece of work in itself, and invaluable to all Pepysians.

An Exotic American

LAFCADIO HEARN'S AMERICAN DAYS. By EDWARD LAROCQUE TINKER. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1924. $5.

Reviewed by JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

IF "the stubb end of a candle being snuffed out by a pie plate" were to be introduced to you with a name distinguished among living writers, a name spiced with the aromas of exotic flowers, tinged with an aura of erotic mysteries, not even the sullen silence (timidity wearing gruff cloak) of Lafcadio Hearn would still your quickened interest. To join this Greek-Gypsy-Irish wanderer, whose self-consciousness never held his curiosity in check, whose eager curiosity carried him into byways of decadent beauty and backways of native superstition and lore, is to set out on a fascinating, tempestuous adventure. On this journey, with an intimacy of personal revelation that makes his readers boon companions of the restless Lafcadio, Mr. Tinker bears us along with the swiftness of illusion and the completeness of truth.

Lafcadio Hearn is a more human figure, in his weakness, than in the somewhat more idealized portrait of Miss Bisland's "Life and Letters." Sensitive, suspicious, capable of deep but never of lasting friendships; hungry of body and soul in the search for beauty; passionate and curious in the quest, into whatsoever extremes it might lead; improvident, constantly turning for aid to friends whom he later rejected; in all things indifferent save to lies and ugliness which he hated, to truth and beauty which he loved,—Lafcadio Hearn led a life so picturesque that it is destined to develop a legend.

It was the south, warm, colorful, suggestive of brooding mystery or perfumed *amours*, that most strongly drew the spirit of the writer. His early morbid tendency, that produced detailed studies of suicide and murder, in which the reporter dwelled upon the most gruesome elements of the deed, was softened in New Orleans to a more subjective evocation of mood, a dwelling upon more delicate aspects of the unusual or the slightly abnormal. In this city he first found opportunity, in the pages of the *Item* and the *Times-Democrat*, to issue those translations of Gautier, of Baudelaire —of the French diabolists and symbolists—that brought the nation's attention to the obscure journalist. Hearn, indeed, succeeded through the medium of newspaper publication in popularizing a new field of French literature, and by his translations won a place for his original work.

The story of Hearn's many friends—George Cable, the novelist of the Creoles; Mrs. Courtney, the Irish woman who fed him and mothered him in New Orleans; Alden, Editor of *Harper's;* the music critic, Krehbiel—is a record of strong personalities attracted by the writer's ardent curiosity and zest for life, despite his cloak of hostility and suspicion—then repelled, driven off by the unreasoning anger that flamed from too easily roused sensibilities. Yet any attempt to gloss over these qualities of the man must render incomplete the portrait of one whose quick response to the sensations life brought was the chief source of the delicate beauty of his writings. More than his work, however, the man himself intrigues us, standing forth as the exotic flowering of many bloods, a queerly confused yet strangely human personality, brought close to us in a fascinating volume.

Science and Destiny

MAN AND HIS AFFAIRS. From an Engineering Point of View. By WALTER N. POLAKOV. Baltimore: Williams & Wilkins Co. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by CASSIUS J. KEYSER
Columbia University

THE spirit of science is the spirit of truth-seeking, and nothing but science can save the world. But science is one thing and the applications of science are another. The former is good; the latter may be good or bad—it may advance civilization or it may rend and destroy it. If science is to save the world it must contrive to enlighten the world. Scientific men and women cannot indeed make scientists of the multitude but regarding the spirit and the ways of science they can make the multitude wise, as one may become wise about agriculture, for example, without being a farmer or about music without being a musician or about the affairs of state without being a king or a legislator.

To give the multitude such wisdom demands a special art—an art in which most scientific specialists have not been trained and which, most unfortunately, they are neither willing nor qualified to practice or even to honor. Happily there are a few notable exceptions and the author of this book is one of them.

Though academically well-bred, Mr. Polakov does not wear academic spectacles nor does he write with an academic pen. He is a consulting engineer, accustomed to dealing with the concrete. But he is no mere technician, much less a mere practician; he is a union of doer and thinker—a fact abundantly evident in his contributions to the literature of engineering, especially in his "Mastering Power Production," a superb work that no student of engineering can afford to neglect.

Like that work the present one is at once scientifically enlightened and quick with the spirit of human service. Both of them are contributions to what Count Korzybski has happily called Human Engineering—the application of scientific intelligence to human affairs. But while the former work is pretty technical, the latter one is designed for the general reader and can be read by all save born "fundamentalists".

What is the book's message? It cannot be conveyed in a word but its general nature may be intimated. Despite the exactions of his profession the author has somehow contrived to keep in touch with the great advances in the scientific thought of recent years, especially in the fundamentals of logic, mathematics, and physics. Few have seen so clearly as he that these fundamental developments are fast producing a profound revolution in our views of the world and of Man. He has seen clearly, what most have yet to learn, that the old cosmic absolutes—absolute space, absolute time, absolute matter, absolute natural law, absolute truth—are gone. He sees clearly that the reign of relativity, thus inaugurated by the basic sciences, is destined to work a corresponding revolution, deep, noiseless it may be, but inevitable, in all the views and institutions and affairs of man. The aim of the book is to indicate the nature of the revolution, to prepare us for it, to show us that it is the part of wisdom to welcome it and to facilitate its coming.

Whoever reads the book will probably read it twice, as I have done, for it is many-sided and very thought-provoking. Is it a work for educators? It is noteworthy that among recent contributions to educational theory the three most significant ones are by men who do not pose as educators. I refer to the preface of "Boys' Own Arithmetic," by Raymond Weeks, to Count Korzybski's "Manhood of Humanity," and to Polakov's book, especially the chapter on "Language, Logic and Destiny," which is alone worth many times the price of the volume.

But the book was not specially designed for professional educators. Far from it. It ought to be read by politicians for it would help them face about in the direction of statesmanship; by professional philosophers for it would help to emancipate them from mere phraseology and verbomania; by engineers for it would elevate and amplify their conception of engineering; by biologists, anthropologists, and historians for it would give them new light upon the nature of man; and by all men and woman of affairs for it will give them precious insight into the essential relations of their affairs to the modern developments of Science.

M. Poincare (says a writer in the *Manchester Guardian*) is writing his memoirs, covering the whole of his period of office from his first appointment as Prime Minister, his term as President, to the close of his Premiership two years ago. These should be the most interesting narration of the war because he alone of all the Allied leaders was in authority throughout the war. He will speak with consistent knowledge and it will be interesting to see if he can speak with consistent fairness. The translation will be in the experienced hands of Sir George Arthur, the biographer of Lord Kitchener and Lord Wolseley, whose intimate connection with France goes back half a century.

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On Mysticism

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGIOUS MYSTICISM. By JAMES H. LEUBA. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1925. $5.

A PHILOSOPHICAL STUDY OF MYSTICISM. By CHARLES A. BENNETT. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1923.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING
Harvard University

THESE two books should be here considered together, though neither while in the making was aware of the other's existence. They are both essays in the interpretation of mysticism; Both Essays in the interpretation of mysticism, nothing could show better than the contrast between them how sensitive a business interpretation is, sensitive to one's assumptions, to the tools one uses, and to one's philosophy.

Both have before them essentially the same personalities, namely, the great Christian mystics, Suso, Catherine of Genoa, Mme. Guyon, Santa Teresa, John of the Cross, Ruysbroeck. Both see these individuals as great specimens of humanity, governed by an ambition which, as they express it, seems extravagant to our ears, the ambition to deal directly with God; both see them undertaking extraordinary spiritual adventures, undergoing experiences some of which both unhesitatingly class as morbid, and winning at the end for the most part an equally notable practical effectiveness and moral poise. The weapons of interpretation which Leuba uses are those of psychology, which means to-day chiefly physiology and the clinic of mental disease. The weapons which Bennett uses are common experience, analogy, and the possibilities of the world we live in.

Leuba's enquiry is careful, detailed, bristling with facts, and carried with a studied effort to be fair to all sides of his subject. He regards the mystics as mistaken in their own interpretations; they think they have attained union with God when their ecstasies are very mundane in origin. But their efforts have not been wholly vain; they have succeeded in tapping unusual sources of Life-Energy; and no one who wants to know human nature and its possibilities can afford to neglect their achievements. What is needed, he urges, is to eliminate what is abnormal and to get rid of the hampering theology and metaphysics in terms of which the mystics made their experiences turbid to themselves and to others.

* * *

The body of Leuba's work consists in the demonstration of abnormal elements in mystical experiences. He takes mysticism to be continuous with primitive religious practices—and with practices not pretending to be religious—in which ecstasy is sought by physical means,—alcohol, mescal, hasheesh, etc.—or by such practices as those of the Hindu Yogin. There are also ecstatic prodromes of epilepsy, strikingly similar in cast. Symptoms of hysteria and neurasthenia are found in the great mystics. Their impressions of illumination have to be judged by the demonstrably false feelings of certitude and immense significance found in various types of trance-consciousness. Their sense of invisible presence and divine guidance is dangerously like certain illusions that can be evoked under laboratory conditions. And the prominence in mystical motives and satisfactions of affection directed to God appears to accompany either an absence of normal earthly affection, or the presence of a Platonic friend who stimulates some phase of auto-eroticism. Without subscribing to Freudian psychology, and wholly avoiding its terms, Leuba clearly regards much of mystical experience as a substitute for normal sex-life, a product of repression. The motives of the mystics are supposed by them to be purely spiritual; but an analysis of their lives shows that their moral aspirations were not unmixed with self-assertion and self-esteem, and that their moral goals were incompletely attained.

No one can doubt the pertinence of such facts as Leuba has here so usefully assembled to the question what mysticism means and how much credence it deserves. But just what and how much do these facts imply? Leuba appears not wholly definite on this point. Neurasthenia does not exclude genius. The presence of an element of sex-love in supposedly divine love does not condemn it; for a lofty interpretation transforms every experience. But for the most part Leuba seems to feel that if he can show a physiological cause or accompaniment of an experience, he has thereby disproved a spiritual meaning. That which is due to Nature is not due to God. Leuba's book is a crusade against superstition; he would extract the value of mysticism without the pretense of cosmic insight, *and without metaphysics*. Yet Leuba's own interpretation is governed by this metaphysical doctrine, that Nature and the God of the mystics are incompatibles. This doctrine I believe profoundly mistaken, and the interpretation which results from it must miss the main point. The difficulty is that psychology is not a sufficient organ for the interpretation of anything. A "state of mind" is a state of mind about some object, and he who studies the state of mind apart from the object has but half of the fact. Mysticism, in particular, cannot be assessed without deliberately wrestling with those metaphysical objects which to the mystic are the central substance of the world.

* * *

Suppose that psychology should discover someday just what it is in the self-discipline of the Yoga or in the spiritual exercises of Loyola or in modern psychotherapy which is strengthening to the will. There would emerge a technique of psychical power; but what sort of personality would result from it? That would depend altogether on what those exercises should mean to the one who performed them. The Yogin of today is an adept, a gymnast of the psycho-physical organism; but very generally a thoroughly unspiritual and socially useless person. There is no physiological equivalent for communion with God. Exhilaration is not *ipso facto* divine, as Leuba seems to suggest. Unless there is God in the world, nothing is divine; the adjective is merely the echo of a lost faith. And if there is God in the world, the mystic must be judged by the literal possibility of communion with Him.

It is astonishing how simply, and yet how adequately, Professor Bennett accepts what psychology has to offer for the understanding of mysticism, and digests it. The great mystics had their morbidities, their alienating excesses and melodrama; but "the mystic is more like a man wrestling with a problem than a man wrestling with a disease". The pathological case is the victim of his mental troubles; the mystic is to some degree master of them; he realizes what is happening to him; his attention is fixed upon the outer world and its meaning, not merely upon his inner states.

Bennett, whose treatise has distinguished literary skill, beside its wealth of substance, has no intention of taking the mystic at the letter of his report; but he grasps the first principle of interpretation, which is that "the pilgrim must be judged by the shrine to which he journeys and not by the adventures or mischances which befall him on the way." The mystic's goal is reality, objectivity, an escape from hampering self-consciousness, truth, moral peace. And he has something to teach this present age, both in regard to the nature of the world we live in, and in regard to the ways of moral freedom.

* * *

As Leuba diagnoses the mystics, we admire their energies and deplore their blindness; as Bennett interprets them, we forget their diseases, begin to understand their meaning, and to read our own problems of life and destiny by their aid. After all, the mystics are essentially philosophers; they must be met on that ground. They seek "the heart of the matter"; and the heart of the matter can only be mystically discerned.

In a genial footnote, Professor Leuba divides the scholarly Gaul into three parts. "There are," he says, "men who plunge into the detailed study of facts with a singlemindedness such that their creative imagination is endangered, and there are men who impatiently shake the dust of facts from their wings and soar gloriously. The first are called scientists, the second philosophers." The third division, not mentioned but implied, contains those thinkers who can rise from the ground without losing sight of the facts. It is evident that Leuba is, as he would wish to be, the scientist. He has the virtues of the scientist, respect for detail, completeness of survey, integrity, and courage, with perhaps one deduction: I feel that he prefers the disparaging interpretation of his subject. He has produced a book invaluable to the student of mysticism. Bennett belongs in the third division. He has produced a book of concern to everybody. He calls his *métier* philosophy, but after all that is a mere matter of names; he is inspired by the love of wisdom.

Ancient History

THE CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT HISTORY. Vol. 2: THE EGYPTIAN AND HITTITE EMPIRES c. 1000 B. C. Edited by J. B. BURY, S. A. COOK, F. E. ADCOCK. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1924.

Reviewed by the late ALBERT T. CLAY
Yale University

THE day is past when a single scholar can produce a satisfactory history of the ancient East. A century ago the materials for such a history besides the Old Testament were confined to Greek and Roman traditions. Since then, discovery has placed a million or more original documents in our hands, by the help of which ancient history is being reconstructed in leaps and bounds. Up to several decades ago scholars like Gaston Maspero and Eduard Meyer were able to control all results of scholars, but that is no longer possible. Any attempt by a single scholar at present to produce such a work is found wofully inaccurate in all fields except perhaps one in which he may be a specialist. The only possible way to produce a satisfactory ancient history at the present time is to secure the coöperation of a number of scholars, as is done in this volume to which the contributors are Peter Giles, J. H. Breasted, T. Eric Peet, R. C. Thompson, D. G. Hogarth, H. R. Hall, S. A. Cook, A. J. B. Wace, J. B. Bury, H. T. Wade-Gary, T. Ashby, E. T. Leeds, and W. R. Halliday.

In view of the fact that there are thousands of mooted problems involved, and because the history of one nation synchronizes with another, there is more room for the proper kind of editorial oversight of such a work than is usually the case. It seems that the staff of editors should have included both an Egyptologist and an Assyriologist. It is not intended to imply by this that the selection of scholars to write the work was not wise, but simply that two specialists know more than one. The uncertainty of so much that is treated, and the fact that so much which is presented is the view of a single scholar makes it reasonably certain that incongruities will be found in such a work, where the same events are discussed in different connections by different scholars. Take, for example, the subject of the cuneiform inscriptions found in Cappadocia, belonging to the latter part of the third millennium B. C. Three different discussions of them are presented in the two volumes by as many writers, with conflicting views.

A serious criticism of the work, if it is intended for the student as well as the laity, is the omission of sources. The bibliography given in the book which has been utilized in the writing of the articles may be helpful in doing similar work or for extensive reading, but it does not answer the purpose in question. It must be quite exasperating to find ideas expressed, and be unable to ascertain upon what they are based. This applies especially to those parts in which great changes seem to be required repeatedly, by reason of discovery and research.

The volume opens with Dr. Giles's discussion of the peoples of Asia Minor. One of the truest things said in the whole work is that it is still too early to claim that the history of the peoples of Asia Minor may be written with certainty. This land being the bridge between the East and the West was occupied by man from the earliest

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period. It is covered with fells, and many parts of the country have not even been explored by Europeans. Excavations have been conducted in the extreme western part, also at Sardis, Boghaz-koi, Antioch, and a few other sites, but it can be properly said that the work of excavation and exploration has only been begun. Many are the questions of origins that will find their solution when important sites in Asia Minor are excavated to virgin soil. Look at the nomenclature of the so-called Cappadocian tablets of the third millenium B. C.; besides the Amorite names it is impossible to determine to what people they belonged. The Hittites only came into the light of history about 1800 B. C., when they were powerful enough to invade Babylonia, but the tablets point to their having been in evidence much earlier. Dr. Hogarth of the Ashmolean Museum discusses the history of the Hittites, telling us that the origin of Hittite society is unsolved; that the first certain data comes from the fourteenth and thirteenth centuries B. C., from the Amara letters and the Boghazkoi finds. Doubtless when excavations are conducted at other points in Asia Minor records of earlier periods will be found.

Professor Breasted takes up Egyptian history where Professor Peet left off in the previous volume, beginning with the expulsion of the Hyksos, and the founding and the expansion of the empire down to the last of the Ramessides and the collapse of the empire. This is largely drawn from his own history of Egypt, yet he has incorporated modifications and additions. It is needless to add that this is done in the author's well finished literary style. The contemporary life and thought of Egypt in this period is discussed by T. Eric Peet. The new conditions affecting religion and life in general—in law, science, and literature, after the Hyksos were driven out, are briefly but ably treated.

R. Campbell takes up the Cassite history where he had left off in the previous volume, which is written in his attractive style. The history of this period as revealed in the cuneiform inscriptions, is largely that bearing upon Syria and Palestine, as revealed by the Amarna letters found in Egypt. This is discussed at length by S. A. Cook, and embraces the vast results which the research of the past more than three decades have brought to light. H. R. Hall adds an interesting discussion on the contemporary art of Egypt and the Near East of this period, based on his own archæological studies as well as those of others.

The balance of the volume is taken up with the history of Crete, Mycenæ, and the early history of Greece and Italy. While many unsolved problems also exist in these fields, discovery and research do not require such great modifications as in the Oriental and African fields.

A Reformed Character

UNTIL recently I believed that I was immune to the suggestive power of modern advertising, or at least those forms of it in which questions were hurled directly at me. "Mr. Business Man, is your Sinking Fund paying for itself?" A question like that leaves me cold, for I don't know what it means. "Music Lovers, Attention! A unique opportunity! Would you like to have the works of the greatest composers . . ." No, I wouldn't. Neither do I like the accompanying picture of Peremsky, the one where he is seated at a piano in an immaculate cellar beside a Dirtless Furnace, while the spirit of Liszt hovers over the wash tubs. "Mr. Ford Owner, does your oiling system look like *this*—or like *this*?" It is useless for any one to think that he can tell me anything about my Ford. I have lived with it now man and boy for five years and we understand each other perfectly. When it needs oil it squeaks in the neighborhood of the left ventricle. "Do you have foul breath after eating?" Nice mind the chap has who excogitates these questions! A good bedside manner, but a pity that he reserves it for the table. "Have you a little enquiring mind in your home?" No, but I have two little devils and I will back them against any book of knowledge. "Have you made your will?" You do make Oi laugh, as the Yorkshire miner said to his wife when she assaulted him with a poker. I have nothing but debits, or whatever you call the opposite of assets.

Some of these questions I found absurdly irrelevant to my needs, some disgusting, and all impertinently intrusive. And so I smiled in a superior way at the blend of fatuity and vulgarity that went to their making.

But I smile no longer.

* * *

In the city in which I live they have recently started a safety campaign. Corners and crossings have been decorated with placards bearing such legends as, "What's the hurry?" "Speed or Safety—Which?" These jolly little warnings are changed from time to time and so when I find myself approaching one of them I slow down in order to find out what the bright new idea may be. . . . Yes, seriously, that is the real reason. But now they have taken to plastering the ends of trolley cars with these insulting queries. And one of them has got me. There is a joint in the armor, a leak in the dyke! Like all the others it is simple and brutally direct. "Will your brakes hold?" The painful truth is that they won't and don't. Ever since Christmas I have been meaning to have them fixed, but somehow I have postponed and postponed, chiefly because I do so loathe having to back out of a garage. I still mean to have them fixed. That should be enough for anyone. But now everywhere I turn on the streets I see that insistent question staring at me in all its dreadful anonymity—"Will your brakes hold?" I am tired of muttering between teeth which I trust are clenched, "No, damn you, they won't!" My mind is made up. Tomorrow I shall get new brake-linings.

* * *

And now that the enemy has discovered a way into the citadel of my soul the thought of the future makes me tremble. As a motorist I have been found wanting and have been forced to reform. But my life in other respects is, I realize, not all that it might be. A host of professional reformers, you may be sure, realize that much more vividly than I do. What is to happen to me if they decide to attack me and others like me at my weakest point? What if they plaster the walls and trolleys of the city with insidious questions about my morals? I shall not be able long to resist. I shall be uplifted, purified, reconstructed, and redeemed.

I can imagine how they will go to work. First there will be a series of questions designed to get the victim into the proper preliminary state of nervous irritation. "Have you mailed that letter?" "Why did you say you would be home to dinner?" "How many cigarettes have you smoked today?" "Does *your* gin come from contented bootleggers?"

Then these would vanish and in their place would appear warnings of graver moral import, but quite general in their reference. "Why not be a man and say NO?" "Do you smell smoke?—Everlasting Bonfire just ahead. Pass at your own risk." "Will your moral brakes hold?"

Even these would be only preparatory to the final concentrated assault. In order to give reality to the picture I approached the members of my family and some of my more candid friends and asked them to tell me what they considered my three most offensive vices. The results of the questionnaire were: (1) Vile temper. (2) Sublime consciousness of superiority conjoined with an exasperating talent for putting the other person in the wrong. (3) Number three, I decided, is my own affair.

* * *

Well, now imagine how the enemy would set to work. One fine morning I should sally forth—I wonder has anyone before ever referred to a Ford as sallying? Perhaps I should have said lizzie forth—and at the cross roads I should be confronted with a large sign-board, "Are you a little volcano in your home?" Savagely pushing her up to twenty-five miles an hour in order to escape this insult, I should slow down at the city limits, to find myself gazing at the question, "Why not go home and apologize? Do it now." Gas, more gas! Give until it hurts! But I have to stop for a standing trolley and what message does the stern of the trolley bear for me? "Cain lost *his* temper too."

Now it is all very well to say that these devices would only be provocative of the very state of mind they are designed to destroy, but imagine the effect of them day after day. Think of the feeling of impotence at being ignorant of their author. If I knew who he was I might seek him out and live up to my rôle by playing Cain with him, but, not knowing him, I should be driven in upon myself, I should be worn down, I should have to reform in order to be rid of the guilty feeling. Imagine this effect intensified by unexpected variations in the attack. One week it would be, "What, *always* right?" Then, just as I was getting used to that, in its place would appear, "What, *never* wrong? Say!"

* * *

No: I don't believe I could stand it. Reluctantly at first, and then with less difficulty because of the cursed influence of habit, I should enter upon the path of virtue. I would choke down the oaths and the profanity, I would begin to give soft answers. Sometimes I should admit that I was wrong. Eventually I might reach a stage where I never claimed to be right. I would be all sweet reasonableness. My home would be a nest of sunshine, if you see what I mean. And my friends would exclaim, "What a transformation!"

Do you wonder that I dread the future?

You see, I don't *want* to be good.

CHARLES A. BENNETT.

The Poetry of Amy Lowell

(*Continued from page* 170)

fall back upon Coleridge—who in some mysterious fashion has taken possession of this paragraph! He is speaking of the hero of Miss Lowell's own "Sea-Blue and Blood-Red:" "To the same enthusiastic sensibilities," he observes, "which made a fool of him with regard to his Emma, his country owed the victories of the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar." Very well! To the same enthusiastic sensibilities which sometimes overloaded every rift with ore, we owe the thronging impressions which are elsewhere wrought with sovereign restraint into close-girt, strait-sandalled verse.

I am keeping clear of all the theories, whether of Imagism, or cadenced verse, or polyphonic prose. Provocative ideas shot like sparks from an anvil when Amy Lowell talked or wrote, and, being half superb free-lance and half crusader, she delighted in the clash of controversy which she stirred. But I think she had herself ceased to care greatly for what, in effect, were battles long ago. Her past work spoke for itself; there were endless fresh experiences to capture and interpret; and her invincible alacrity of spirit turned to those. The period of dashing swordplay had served its turn. The thing that matters now is the beauty which has emerged serenely from the practice of the theories which once evoked the flashing of so many harmless blades. And this peculiar beauty at its rarest (for perfection is an angel visitant) suggests the clarity of radiant air, and the pure lines of a pattern cut in polished stone—"clear, reticent, superbly final."

> For me,
> You stand poised
> In the blue and buoyant air,
> Cinctured by bright winds,
> Treading the sunlight.
> And the waves which precede you
> Ripple and stir
> The sands at my feet.

If those eight lines of "Venus Transiens" were the only fragment left of an unknown poet, we should recognize that the craftsmanship which wrought their cool, controlled, and shining beauty was unique. And one of the paradoxes of genius is the fact that the most prodigal of poets in her diction could vie, when her art was surest, with the most restrained. Set over against the

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gorgeous panorama of any section of "Can Grand's Castle" this:

I might be sighting a tea-clipper,
Tacking into the blue bay,
Just back from Canton
With her hold full of green and blue porcelain,
And a Chinese coolie leaning over the rail
Gazing at the white spire
With dull, sea-spent eyes.

One would not give up either; together they sum up in little the two ruling impulses, peripheral and central (to use a critic's phraseology) of a poet who (to use her own!) "when not hurricaning's astoundingly terse." She is, at will, precisely that. Every volume is packed with undetachable examples, succinct, crisp, often trenchant; bright and brief (in the words of a poet whom Miss Lowell did not love!)—bright as "the flashing of a shield." But for renewed assurance one need only turn, in "What's O'Clock," to "The Anniversary," and "Twenty-Four Hokku on a Modern Theme," and (for that matter) "Evelyn Ray." Moreover, the exactness which Miss Lowell loved is nowhere more remarkable than in her sense of the savour and "feel" of words:

I want to be a carpenter,
To work all day long in clean wood,
Shaving it into little thin slivers
Which screw up into curls behind my plane;
Pounding square, black nails into white boards,
With the claws of my hammer glistening
Like the tongue of a snake.
I want to shingle a house,
Sitting on the ridge-pole in a bright breeze. . . .
I want to draw a line on a board with a flat pencil,
And then saw along that line,
With the sweet-smelling sawdust piling up in a yellow heap at my feet.

Or (as Keats would say), "Look at flowers—you know what she says about flowers:" blue bells that are "Deep tunnels of blue and white dimness, Cool wine-tunnels for bees;" "a tide of poppies, Crinkled and frail and flowing in the breeze;" "The scent of hyacinths, like a pale mist"—

Yes, I know that it will be said again and yet again that all this is but the beauty of the senses, "untouched by solemn thought." I shall not argue that. Perhaps "[Its] nature is not therefore less divine." At all events Miss Lowell found sufficient answer in a Chinese print:

Red foxgloves against a yellow wall streaked with plum-coloured shadows;
A lady with a blue and red sunshade;
The slow dash of waves upon a parapet.
That is all.
Non-existent—immortal—
As solid as the centre of a ring of fine gold.

But in this last book one feels, I think, a deepening of experience, and a beauty less dependent on the eye. The poignant susceptibility to sense impressions is still there:

Yet there are sights I see and sounds I hear
Which ripple me like water as they pass.

There is still the delight in words that are carven and vivid and luminous as gems; the delight in rhythms as free yet as poised as the flight of a gull. And at times there is prodigality in each. But there has been nothing before in Miss Lowell's poetry quite like the "half quizzical, half wistful," altogether winning self-revelation in "The Sisters;" or the mocking lightness of touch and ironic suggestion of "The Slippers of the Goddess of Beauty;" or the breadth and warmth and (in its true sense) homeliness of "Lilacs", or the sheer lyric intensity of "Fool o' the Moon." I am not forgetting "Meeting-House Hill;" "Purple Grackles;" that buoyant skit on John Keats which bears the title "View of Teignmouth in Devonshire;" the "Summer Night Piece" which like "Madonna of the Evening Flowers," is a dedication; "Prime" and "Vespers;" the lines "To Carl Sandburg;" the sonnets to Eleonora Duse. But these bear, some in rare degree, the stamp of a familiar loveliness. It is the new paths broken that are significant—now sadly so. For the ripest years, with disciplined powers and deepening experience behind them and fresh fields before, were yet to come. *Dis aliter visum.* She has added new beauty to English poetry. How great that contribution is will first be clearly seen when time has winnowed, and her enduring work is brought together in one rare and shining book. It would have been still richer had she lived. For to the very end her gallant banner flew. And two lines in this last volume sum up alike what was and might have been:

I ride, ride,
Seeking those adventures to which I am dedicate.

The Bowling Green

The Eighth Day

R. M. S. Caronia, at sea

THERE must be some secret merit in the pure vacancy of a pellucid voyage like this; though one who loves to see a ship putting her nose into it may confess a private disappointment. This is now the eighth day of warm transparent weather and ballroom sea. The first night there was fog, and the whistle hallooed steadily, that deep terrorizing groan rather like the voice of John Donne in a sermon. It is a fine romantic sound to hear—when nothing happens; though, after the Chief Officer's little afternoon lecture on boat-drill, you meditate, in your bunk (not yet knowing your stateroom by heart) the exact order in which you would move toward your wife's life-preserver, your trousers, and the little folder of American Express checks. But after that one vigil there was nothing to reef the merriment of our delightful skipper. His enchanting mirth was often heard; our only gales were those of laughter proceeding from the captain's table in the saloon. The laughter of sea-captains is a comforting sound in the ears of passengers. Long may Captain Hossack and his fine *Caronia* make such comely crossings. I suppose it is a weakness of mine to believe that every ship I travel in is loveliest of all; yet I don't see how any could be more gracious to my eye than this steady old lady. A perfect vessel, nobly planned. From the boot-hole to the brass expansion-plate (I wonder how many passengers noticed that, the thwartship suture that gives and takes when she pitches) I find her full of delights; and her cranks are just as impressive as my vanished *Saxonia's*. There can be nothing against her except that she's faster than I knew: she turns off her 420 to 430 a day, even when three quarters of an hour have been lifted from the clock. I was a little disturbed by a sign saying that if any Rotarians on board would make themselves known, the Purser would try to arrange the weekly sacramental lunch; but the notice disappeared, so evidently there weren't any. I believe that *Caronia* must be almost the very last of the Older generation (she was built about 1905) for the smoke-room steward tried gallantly to obey orders and enforce the placard *The Smokeroom Is Reserved for Gentlemen;* but he soon gave up. What an agreeable smokeroom it is, too, with plain old panelling like a Georgian taproom and a real open fireplace—not a bed of cold glass nuggets with an electric light under 'em.

I knew a sea-captain who said he kept himself in good trim by walking round the boat-deck (in the old days it used to be called the "hurricane-deck," but there aren't hurricanes now as there were for wet little ships like the *Umbria* and *Etruria,* or the blessed old *Pennlands* and *Waeslands* and *Westerlands* and *Belgenlands* that sailed from Philadelphia in the windy nineties)—by walking round the boat-deck picking up, without bending his knees, the hairpins dropped by young women late at night. But even that calisthenic is impossible now that all the young women are shingled to the nape. It is the junior officers who get the exercise, playing deck tennis with the clinker-built young women; it is my observation that the engineers play a more cunning game than the men from the bridge. I wonder why that is?

Except for such pleasing interims as meals, masquerade dances, deck tennis, or cards, the merely passenger mind retires into a hypnotized serenity. It is with gazing fed; it gapes patiently over the stainless gulf and finds it as full of possibility and yet as empty of reply as a vast blue ink-bottle. Here, on this warm broad teakwood rail, is the very attitude and home of meditation. . . . but no meditations come. The only consideration that hovers in my mind, after a week of scrutiny, is that perhaps the universe itself does not think, but even implores others not to do so. With a curious kind of alarm I found myself recoiling from Keyserling's "Travel Diary of a Philosopher" which a generous publisher sent me (at my own request) for shipboard reading. It is exactly the kind of book I love, and on shore I shall devour it; but here, impossible. Just as I always need a few glasses of wine to unlimber my French, so the mind requires a few whiffs of the unease of earth to liberate its fatal and enjoyable reasonings. Here no literature but the merciful detective story, or the latest "Lunatic at Large" can enter in. Of four murderous yarns I have injected I will mention two which are out of the ordinary in merit. "The House of the Arrow," by an old favorite, A. E. W. Mason; and "The Rasp," by a writer unknown to me, Mr. Philip Macdonald. I advise some American publisher to get hold of Mr. Macdonald; his "The Rasp" is the first mystery tale I have read since Milne's "The Red House" which has real humor. My nearest approach to literature has been Mr. A. Edward Newton's new book, which I enjoyed as I enjoy all Mr. Newton's chattings; and when, to my great surprise, I found him saying "If I were sending a boy to college, I would choose Haverford," you may imagine that I believed Mr. Newton's book to be a worthy volume. I think that is only the second time, in the general literature of the world, that I have found that small and unpublicitied college mentioned. I was pleased. Speaking of Storer Clouston, a group of people were hot-Scotching in the smokeroom and more or less feeling their way into one another's tastes. Excellent progress was being made; there was a subtle suspicion that these were kinsprits. "Now," said one, "here is a very crucial question. Are you—I have a feeling that you are—Lunatic at Large kind of people?" Yes, a cunning question! For if they hadn't been they would merely have thought it an insult, and the matter would have ended. But with a scream of pleasure they cried "Indeed we are!" and all was well.

I think I must tell you of a great triumph, because it will never happen again. Smoking alone one evening I was accosted by a genial gentleman in the doll business. He told me a good deal about the increase in the American doll industry. "Did you know," I said, "that Great Britain has removed the tax on dolls' eyelashes?" This excited him enormously, as he had not known about it. Well, I had read it in the latest issue of the Manchester *Guardian,* which reached me the morning I sailed. Nothing, after that, could dissuade him from believing that I too was a disguised magnum in the doll traffic. The information was evidently important to him, and cheered him vastly.

I don't agree with the Caliph Newton in all his delightfully crochetty musings; I think him worse than unfair to Matthew Arnold, for instance; but then you come upon so magnificent a thing as this—on Dickens—

Of nature, in the ordinary acceptance of that word, he knew nothing, cared nothing. London was to him a vast field in which wild flowers grew, the children of the poor, and he gathered them by armfuls.

When I found that I laid down the book with a tingle, climbed out of the steamer-chair, and went over to the lovely northward deck to think it over. Has anyone lately written a finer sentence?

Now, in an hour or so, we'll be sighting Land's End, and you know that prospective thrill after a week of space. No longer that slow and thoughtless feeling of mere existence, that one has in a clear calm midnight when the masthead is steady against the grainy sky. The Channel is opening her arms to us, the queer uneasiness returns, a whole Continent full of irregular verbs is waiting. And this morning when I went on deck I distinctly smelt England. For seven days we had the uiverse almost to ourselves. But even God, I think, was restless on the eighth day.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A contest for the best sonnets on "Illusion" is announced by Mrs. William A. Bartlett, Vice-President of the Poetry Society of Great Britain and American editor of the *Poetry Review.* Three prizes aggregating $50.00 have been offered for this contest by Mrs. Paul De Blois Laighton, of New York, and are to be awarded thus: First, $25.00; Second, $15.00; Third, $10.00. The contest is to be open to all and is to close December 15, 1925. Entries should be sent to Mrs. William A. Bartlett, 299 Park Avenue, New York City. This is the seventh international poetry contest held under the auspices of the American Section of the Poetry Society and *Poetry Review.*

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Books of Special Interest

Liggett, Exhibit A

COMMANDING AN AMERICAN ARMY. Recollections of the World War by HUNTER LIGGETT, Major General, U.S.A. retired. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1925.

Reviewed by MAJOR THOMAS H. THOMAS

GENERAL HUNTER LIGGETT might be presented as Exhibit A of the Staff School at Leavenworth and the War College at Washington: of the whole effort made by the old Regular Army in pre-war days to give itself the rudiments of Staff training and of higher military education. It was an effort which had little encouragement or support from the outside; Elihu Root was perhaps the only civilian in this country who grasped its full importance, and the War College, (which he created and of which Hunter Liggett was a graduate and later president), may be called Root's personal contribution to the success of the army in 1918. It was only the grim determination of General Pershing that gave the A. E. F. the chance to form its own staffs and operate a great army under an American High Command; and on Liggett first of all fell the task of proving in actual practice that the thing could be done. At the end of 1917, he was selected as commander of the First Army Corps. It existed only on paper, and there had not been an army corps in our Army since the days of the Civil War; so that Liggett had to create it from the ground up: to form a modern corps staff at a time when we had as yet no sector on the front and no actual experience in the war.

This process occupied the first six months of 1918. Then, before the corps had held command of even a quiet sector, it was suddenly thrust into the *melée* of the Second Battle of the Marne, like a small boy being taught to swim by being thrown head first into deep water. The French Command has no enthusiasm for the project, but General Liggett, instead of abusing them for selfish motives, sets forth with perfect fairness the facts which led the French to honest if mistaken conclusions. Purely as an argument, the French had all the best of it; Pershing's determination to have American commands rested, at bottom, on the ability of the few staff officers trained at home to leaven the whole lump. It was a matter of personal judgment, in which he took one opinion and his Allies another: and when Pershing forced the French to make a place for the untried First Corps in the line of battle at a critical period, it was realized on all sides that the whole principle of a separate American Command must stand or fall according to the success or failure of Liggett's work.

The untried First Corps had accordingly to make its battle début in the lively war movement of Foch's July counter-offensive; it had to attack vigorously with its green divisions and at the same time to remember that any serious setback would be doubly fatal.

The result of this test was that a few weeks later the French allowed a still newer and greener American corps to enter the line beside the First. In September a wholly improvised American could try its hand at St. Mihiel, and immediately afterwards this infant High Command was entrusted with a major operation in the Meuse-Argonne. In all these Liggett's command played an important part, and when General Pershing gave up his experiment of directing military operations in person as well as filling the duties of Commander-in-Chief, it was to General Liggett that he turned over the conduct of the Meuse-Argonne campaign.

General Liggett's book sets forth this rapid evolution in a singularity detached and impersonal fashion: it is perhaps the most concise of all books upon the War. From the standpoint of the general reader it would have been more interesting if it had been fuller and less impersonal, if the author had offered more of the very illuminating comments and opinions he occasionally allows himself. But in another sense this reticence is decidedly creditable to the author; and it is no small satisfaction that the first book forthcoming from any of the leading American Commanders in the war should be so sound a military narrative; written from so broad a viewpoint and marked by so fine a tone.

Spanish Needlework

POPULAR WEAVING AND EMBROIDERY IN SPAIN. By MILDRED STAPLEY. New York: William Helburn Inc. 1925. $15.

Reviewed by GEORGIANA GORDON KING

THIS very delightful book suffers under two disadvantages, both perhaps unescapable; the use of photographs reproduced by half-tone, where even twenty years ago drawings would have been substituted, makes the plates useless as copies to work from, or even, for the most part, in comparisons with any piece of stuff a reader may have in possession or within reach. On the other hand, the text is almost exclusively descriptive, where a more historical treatment might have been not only desirable but possible, for the sparse allusions to Sicily and the Greek Islands, to Balkan work and old Venetian lace, show how wide is the range of the author's expertise. "Cretan," "Persian," and "Coptic," words too often lightly used, represent here actual comparison probably of museum pieces. Three charming *genre* pictures, from photographs of an old Gallegan woman spinning, a group of embroiderers at Lagartera, with carts in Avila showing characteristic linen-and-wool coverlets, prompt a regret that some famous pieces preserved in Spanish painting might not have been included. There is a girl-saint by Zurbaran who carries a choice bag on her arm, and a "Mary Embroidering," by the same artist; not to name an altar-piece in an out-of-the-way corner of Leon where the "Education of the Virgin" shows her making lace on a pillow. Indeed, by reason of the Spanish passion for realism a serious contribution to the subject might be made by gathering from old paintings, just as the late Sr. Osma's discussion of the Hispano-Moresque and Valentian ware starts from a photograph of a trecento Last Supper, where the table is set out with priceless pottery at Solsona.

More could have been done also with the Sardinian work, both woven and embroidered, for Sardinia shares a common inheritance with Spain besides owing a direct debt, and the likenesses are suggestive. Less excusable is the absence of explicit reference, by number, in the fifty-odd pages of exposition, to the 118 plates, among which, in the multitude of instances, it is not always easy to make out which one is under discussion. On the other hand, the twenty cuts that illustrate simple stitches frequently employed, are plain and imitable, and the three color-plates both pleasing and representative.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Here, as elsewhere, the weakness or flaw in the workmanlike thoroughness of the author is a curious inability to tell all she knows; a common difficulty of the inexperienced writer, it is harder to explain in one who has so many books to her credit, besides a Corresponding Membership in the Hispanic Society. In a sense the book falls between two stools, not quite learned, not quite practical; notwithstanding which, it remains indispensable.

The uses of linen and wool, and the various types of strictly peasant weaving, are first discussed, and with the fringes and tassels and appliqué work cut out chiefly from felt, occupy the first five little chapters; the last one describes filet lace. In the intermediate seven, devoted to embroidery and drawn work, lies the main interest to collector and reader in the careful account of shades and stitches, and the exact procedure for making different sorts of patterns, openwork or darned or rewoven. Odds and ends of observation have real value likewise; the account of prayer-mats spread under memorial candles upon the church floor, on All Souls' Day, and *panos de ofrenda* used at other times, fills a hiatus that existed in other travelers' records of the *hacheras* set out and lighted for the Sunday Mass and the memorial loaves offered in commemoration of the dead.

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Books of Special Interest

Adventures of a Scholar

TRAMP. By GLEN H. MULLIN. New York. The Century Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by JIM TULLY

I HAVE read Glen Mullin's "Adventures of a Scholar Tramp," with mingled delight and wonder. To one who spent the better portion of six years as a vagrant in the far and hungry places this book seems like a light that never was on land or sea or any railroad engine. In Chapter VII Mr. Mullin, the scholar tramp, writes:

> To the genuine hobo, a train is a thing compounded of magic and beauty, just as a bravely trimmed vessel is to a mariner. It arouses within him a latent mysticism. The rattle and swank of a long freight pulling out of the yards, the locomotive, black and eager, shoving her snorting muzzle along the rails, this is a spectacle and a challenge which only the wanderer who loves train riding can understand. To him at such a moment, a train is not harnessed to the sordid, uncouth uses of commercial transport. She is an enchanted caravan moving into the mysterious beyond, hailing with bells and song the blue distance that fades forever as she moves.

Only a scholar who tramped in a Y. M. C. A. railroad yard could write like that. Even a professor of English would know that such writing has nothing to do with hoboes or hoboing. Only in one case out of every eighty million is there a hobo who is any more conscious of magic or beauty than the man who chisels the local court-house statue.

Perhaps times have changed in the fourteen years I have been away—perhaps poets have taken to the road and now chant their verses under the stars.

It has always seemed strange to me that no American has written anything worth while about the vermin-chasing life of the hobo. Jack London tried it in "The Road." It was one of this magnificent prostitute's sorriest attempts in literature. With all Jack's showmanship he really did not know the road. Mr. Vachel Lindsey once wrote a "Handy Guide for Beggars"—but of course much should be forgiven a man brave enough to preach the "gospel of beauty" in the backwaters of America. Then Josiah Flynt wrote some books which I read carefully in my boyhood. I did not know what was wrong with Josiah then. I do now. He couldn't write. He made a painstaking study of a phase that has passed. His name has passed with it. Harry Kemp wrote "Tramping on Life." I was interested in what he said about Mrs. Upton Sinclair the first. But she was not a tramp.

As I have said above, fourteen years may make a vast difference even in hoboland. Perhaps the recruits have grown weaker. Hoboes were respectable when I was a boy. They snarled and were cynical at life. They were indignant when given bread without butter. They said "Oh applesauce" to all illusions but one—they each and every one wanted to work their way up in the world. That is, they wanted to want to do it. They were theorists about work.

Some of the descriptions of tramps in this book are very well done. But Mr. Mullin has failed to imbue the objects of his descriptions with life. The book will prove of interest to those readers who wish to catch a glimmer of the truth without being made to feel uncomfortable. However, it is not likely to be given wide approval among the roving brotherhood.

Symbolic Dialogue

CAPTAINS AND KINGS. By ANDRE MAUROIS. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1925. $1.50.

Reviewed by T. J. C. MARTYN

IT IS a natural temptation to contrast this book with the author's "Ariel"; for it was by the latter that M. Maurois won for himself a high place in the literature of the English-speaking world. Like most temptations it is an idle one: there is no similarity between the two books; and even the style, since it serves an utterly different purpose, is not to be compared to the great force and precision, charm and wit of that brilliant piece of realism that was presented to us in the biography of Shelley.

The form which this book takes is a dialogue between a Radical philosopher and an aristocratic army officer. The rôles are, perhaps, symbolical. The philosopher represents an order which is not disposed to accept things at their face value, while the soldier, not less critical than his master, is a servant of tradition. It is to a large extent a discussion between Liberal and Conservative France.

The controversy is shaped to provide an answer to Jean Pierrefeu's "Plutarque a Menti." It attempts to show that the quality of leadership is neither accidental nor incidental, but innate and a sum of many virtues. Jean Pierrefeu sets out to remove "those comfortable illusions" concerning the halo of military genius that so many soldiers wear. In the words of the philosopher, he says that the "Generals propose and the Fates dispose," that "the wisest plans may miscarry and the clumsiest win the day," that "military genius is but the fond illusion of nervous civilians."

In the course of the argument the qualities of leadership are brilliantly defined. It is shown that chance is not the supreme arbiter and that success is not the only criterion of a great leader. This is done by a number of clever references to historical figures and to such contemporary soldiers as Lyautey, of whom the officer has an exceedingly high opinion, Joffre, Weygand, Pétain, Fayolle, Gallieni, Mangin, and others. These are all great leaders, for they are able to survey the "Territory of Things Possible" with an eye unclouded by "materialistic determinism." They are, in other words, able to create an action and carry it out, always, however, having due regard to what is and what is not possible.

But there is something more to leadership. Jean Pierrefeu was singularly contemptuous of what he called the Bergson general staff. Joffre, like Briand, is represented as being lazy. He is scored for his "occultism"—the "will to win." But the young officer shows that there are things ponderable and imponderable to be taken into account. "Action," he says, "must have another motive force than pure reason." What he means is evidently that "the mystical resolve to conquer can take the place of plan and method."

It is one of the faults of dialogue that it never is conclusive. M. Maurois has indicated a good case against M. Pierrefeu, but he can scarcely be said to have answered him. What he has done is to point out the way and the manner in which he should be answered. He is definite to this extent; he points out that military leadership is composed of a large quantity of qualities and that to be a successful leader requires more intelligence than good fortune.

The first volume of the sixth edition of Meyers Lexikon has just been issued (Leipzig: Bibliographisches Institut). This great German encyclopædia, which is to run to twelve volumes in its new issue, has been completely revised. The last edition appeared twenty years ago, and the intervening period has necessitated not merely the changes which two decades of progress normally call for, but the complete revision of world affairs, maps, and biographical data that the war has demanded.

Miguel Artigas has recently issued a new life of the seventeenth century Spanish poet, Don Luis de Góngoray Argote (Madrid: Revista de Archivos), which very ably represents what is already known of the life and work of the father of Baroque poetry, and adds considerable new matter to the old. Señor Artigas includes in his biography some hitherto unpublished poems, and between sixty and seventy new letters.

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Mexican Literature

by CARY F. JACOBS

WHAT first strikes the foreigner who frequents the Mexican book-shops is their scarcity in books by Mexican authors, and the fact that practically all books on display bear either French or Spanish imprint. Only text-books are frankly of Mexican authorship, and these are printed by the national government. With this exception the home product is rarely in evidence. In the American shops of Mexico City, the books displayed are on Mexican travel, government, and history, or they are the popular English and American novels of several years ago. Most surprising are the paper-bound editions of French and Spanish classics which fill the shelves of the Mexican and the French shops. Of course, contemporary French and Spanish novels are not lacking, but they are not abundant.

There are only two or three publishing houses in Mexico; but, as compared with the great firms of New York and Boston, these are very modest in their pretentions. The Mexican public does not demand the substantial binding of its books. Hence printing done in the United States is for many reasons much too expensive. The paper-bound editions of France are everywhere considered as thoroughly satisfactory. In fact, Mexican culture flavors even more decidedly of the French than of the Spanish. German and English ideals come third in popular esteem. Those of the United States are decidedly last. North America, Mexicans are prone to believe, has no genuine culture to offer the world. Although they unhesitatingly admit its genius for mechanical and scientific invention, Mexico, they feel, must turn to France for its intellectual inspiration. Spain they regard as decadent; but France! ah, in France lies the true source of enlightenment! The clearness and brilliance of French literature is the goal toward which Mexican authorship strives.

An additional shock which the uninitiated are likely to experience comes with the realization that Mexicans do not regard themselves as possessing an independent, national literature. Feeling that they are an integral part of the gigantic movement toward the Latin colonization of the New World, Mexican authors glory in Spanish-American culture as a whole; and they no more look upon themselves as developing a separate literature than Virginians and Indianians conceive of themselves as constituting schools independent of the great body of English-American literature.

What Mexicans will call attention to with pride, however, is that their poets, instead of slavishly following European models, have developed an art so decidedly free and original that poets of the Continent are now imitating both the thought and the expression of their colonial brothers. *Vers libre* has found especial favor among both Spanish-American authors and readers.

Just here comes another surprise. Educated Mexicans are fairly well acquainted with the work of contemporary American poets, and regard them as offering to the world the best expression of English genius which has developed outside the British Isles. A very modest, paper-backed anthology, "La Poesia Norteamericana Moderna," edited by Salvador Novo (El Universal Ilustrado, 1924), is finding a hearty reception in Mexico City. Amy Lowell, Witter Bynner, Hilda Conkling, Adelaide Chapsey, John Gould Fletcher, Robert Frost, Joyce Kilmer, Alfred Kremborg, Vachel Lindsay, Edgar Lee Masters, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Harriet Monroe, Ezra Pound, Carl Sandburg, Sara Teasdale and other familiar names are among the favorites here as at home. Fortunately their work reads even better in Spanish than in English, because the musical quality of the former language substitutes for the crudeness of some of the poems as originally written, an esoteric flavor which quite redeems them from the grime and the grit that often sets on edge the teeth of those Americans who can not think with an inflated national pride of the Leviathan-like goriness of the Hog-butcher of the World.

The sale of books in Mexico is not large. Hence, practically no Mexican authors are able to make their living solely by writing. The condition is not unlike that which existed in the States at the time of the rise of the New England school. In Mexico literature comes as a by-product from the lives of men busy as teachers and doctors and lawyers and politicians. Therefore, it tends to be journalistic rather than permanent. Yet much of it is fine work. Certainly the Mexican speaks with a fearlessness and a trenchancy that augurs well for the future of the Republic. The press is not controlled by syndicates or by huge corporations; and the pronouncements from the different editorial columns do represent in the main the actual opinions of the contributors. The unfortunate part of the situation lies in the fact that so large a proportion of the population is unable to profit by the intellectual leadership which the best element in the Republic can offer. The upperclass Mexican is intelligent, highly intelligent. He is proud of his country. But he, too, faces exactly the same depressing condition which confronts the patriotic American citizen. Should either enter the service of the government, he finds himself surrounded by cliques and by factions. If he attempts to expose them or to direct their efforts into more enlightened courses of action, he soon finds himself forced to the wall and left both financially and politically bankrupt. More education among the masses and a more generous spirit among office-holders are even more needed in Mexico than in the United States. Until an amelioration of existing conditions can be effected, in both countries the men of unusual ability must reconcile themselves to intellectual martyrdom. Their sacrifice may or may not bring large returns for the future; but for the present, at least, the development of any appreciable amount of literary genius is not to be hoped for.

Under the Soviets

SOUS L'ETOILE DES SOVIETS. GEORGES POPOFF. Translated by L-A Delieutraz. Paris. Librarie Plon. 1925. 7fr. 50.

Ferdinand Ossendowski has been throwing a semi-fictional atmosphere around Russia in Asia, where his wild Siberians mingle with God and Beast. On the other hand, writers like Korolenko and Andriev have been perhaps too cynically anatomical in dissecting the foibles and crudeness of certain aspects of Russian life. In this present volume, however, Popoff aims at depicting actual conditions under the Soviet régime.

Apart from the fact that, unlike certain people who, after a fleeting glimpse, have written ponderously about the country, the author has lived all his life in Russia, this volume is in particular the outcome of an extensive study, carried on for eleven months (1922-1923), of the Soviet situation. It is itself a source book, crammed with personal observations, experiences, first-hand reflections, and revealing anecdotes.

The basic facts that stand out are almost in harmony with some of Ossendowski's confessedly fictional narrative. Popoff predicates a barbaric, Asiatic element inherent in the Russians. He sees the economic situation chaotic and unbalanced, and the government in the grip of an arbitrary bureaucracy.

The contents of the book are diversified and fairly exhaustive. The author has harsh things to say about the abominable housing and traveling conditions, the dilatoriness in the daily routine, the unconcern symbolized in "Nitchewo," which, however, is not only soviet but typically Russian, or perhaps non-Nordic. He explains the vigilant, ubiquitous system of spying upon all foreigners.

The secret of the Bolshevists' power is, in the author's view, their master-stroke in satisfying the limited needs and limited intelligences of the peasantry by the distribution of land—a distribution which degenerated into plunder and pillaging, and in keeping the masses in the deepest ignorance of conditions within and without the country, passive, unresisting, still serfs in spirit.

The entire volume is frankly and picturesquely written, quite apparently without prejudice, in a sensitive, impressionistic style, touched with an undercurrent of human feeling, which, however, does not detract from the sincere objectivity of the narrative. It should certainly act as a counter-blast, as a factual cold-water douche, to the fulsome pæans that have been sung of the new Russia.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

ORIGINAL LETTERS, ETC. OF SIR JOHN FALSTAFF AND HIS FRIENDS. By JAMES WHITE. Reprinted with an introductory note by CHARLES EDMUND MERRILL, JR. Harpers. 1924.

Amid a cascade of ha, ha, ha's and exclamation points, and with much merry deportment, the Sir John Falstaff of James White passes on his way through these letters—the Bishop of Worcester may complain to Prince Henry that the knight has behaved scandalously in church, leaving finally with a pair of candlesticks dedicated to the service of the Holy Virgin; the Ford family may succeed in gulling him to such an extent that he is forced to leave the country; Dame Quickly may exclaim in horror at his demands for "whole suits in sattin" when his bills are quite unpaid, but he is always the same humorous, great-hearted creature who, even when he dies in poverty, is not without at least one friend willing to pay for his decent burial. As an irrelevant background to his performances, one has all the minor characters from "Henry IV" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Pistol, Bardolph, Nym, Sir Hugh Evans, Justice Shallow, Master Abraham Slender who finally dies of love for sweet Ann Page, as well as a few gossipy servants whose duties seem to include the composition of letters dealing with current events. It is all very elated and gay, a Shakespearian holiday in the late eighteenth century.

Of this work, reprinted here with so much care and attention, there is little to be said: Charles Lamb considered it "a bundle of the sharpest, queerest, profoundest humors of any these juice-drained latter times have spawned," and went on to prove his affection not only by contributing the "Dedicatyone to Master Samuel Irelaunde," but by presenting copies he had picked up in bookstalls to all his acquaintances, hoping in this manner to introduce it to as large an audience as possible. And now with an admirable introduction by Mr. Charles Edmund Merrill, junior, who obviously shares his enthusiasm and tries with great sincerity to communicate it to the contemporary public, it reappears, beautifully printed, in a limited edition of seven hundred and twenty copies, a fitting memorial to the "pleasant, merry" Jem White known chiefly through his immortal banquets for the juvenile chimney-sweepers of London. He was, certainly, neither a great literary figure, nor even a particularly successful imitator of Shakespeare, but small harm can be done by bringing again to public attention in so satisfactory a form a work whose greatest asset will always be its sentimental connection with Charles Lamb.

WHAT I HAVE SEEN AND HEARD. By J. G. SWIFT MACNEILL. Little, Brown. 1925. $4.50.

Mr. MacNeill's memory began storing away interesting odds and ends of reality back in the 'fifties and 'sixties, in Dublin. His mother held him up in her arms to see the Scots Greys marching off to the Crimea. He was a precociously keen child, with a ready eye for the glories and peculiarities of the great folk of that famous old town. He absorbed much picturesque family tradition, which included matter relative to his great-grandfather's cousin, Dean Swift. There were other Swifts of whom he tells things worthy of note; Theophilus Swift, for example, the passionate royalist who exchanged pistol balls with Colonel Lennox for having had the presumption to clip a curl from the wig of the Duke of York on a previous visit to the field of honor, and who was dangerously wounded by the redoubtable colonel.

With such glimpses into the dead and buried past, he builds an artless introduction, or at least one of unpremeditated art, to his reminiscences of that much more puzzling time, the past that is dead and still unburied. He employs perspective. He leads us to accept the shades of Gladstone, Joseph Chamberlain, Parnell and Mahaffy along with the older flock of shades; and so he disarms that odd spirit of disparagement that the present generation, and no doubt every generation, has for its freshly vanished elders. He makes the Victorian seem to blend imperceptibly with the Georgian.

Mr. MacNeill has had the strange fate of living to see the cause that he served emerge into final and complete triumph, and at the same time to behold the gradual decline, if not quite the extinction, of the *noblesse* of the university gown that numbered so many Irishmen and Englishmen, so many Bishops and colony builders, scholars, and orators. He must have felt in the presence of Joseph Chamberlain, who, as he puts it, "with the modicum of education of a City clerk vanquished men with the most highly trained intelligence of their generation," the coming of another day. Of his own life's effort for the autonomy of Ireland, he has relatively little to say; his memoirs are chiefly about others, and particularly about the later Victorians whom circumstances have since crowded down from Olympus.

AN OLD FASHIONED SENATOR. By *Harris Dickson.* Stokes. $2.
BYRON IN PERSPECTIVE. By *J. D. Symon.* Stokes. $3.
NOTES AND ANECDOTES OF MANY YEARS. By *Joseph Bucklin Bishop.* Scribner's. $2.50.
YARNS OF AN OLD SHELLBACK. By *J. L. Vivian Millett.* Brentanos. $2.
RAHWEDIA. By *C. Harold Smith.* Appleton.
HENRY FORD. By *Louis P. Lochner.* International. $3.

Drama

RITUAL AND DRAMATIZED FOLKWAYS. By ETHEL REED JASSPON and BEATRICE BECKER. Century. 1925. $2.50.

A curious collection this:—of short allegorical pageants; brief tableaux and scenes from the life and customs of other lands; dramatizations of Bible stories; nursery rhymes; and old French and English ballads. Much excellent material appears side by side with some of a very inferior quality. Many of the little plays and dramatic exercises are simple and satisfactory; others seem too far fetched and rather sophisticatd to suit the needs of the children for whom the collection is intended. For example:—"The King Orders the Drums Beaten" is a quaint and fascinating old French ballad in which a King desires the wife of one of his courtiers. Upon his expressing his wish, the lady is handed over, only to be poisoned by the Queen who is not unnaturally jealous of her. Hardly the most ideal in theme for youthful actors! "The Wraggle-Taggle-Gipsies-O" on the other hand, with the Lord's bored Lady running away from her castle to join the free life of the gipsies, is just the sort of stirring old ballad to appeal to children. We should like to see the gusto and charm with which they would act it. As a whole the volume is successful, save for an occasional poor choice of subject matter. Its practical handling of the stage problems involved, and clear directions for lighting, costuming, and setting the little dramatizations should prove helpful to coach, stage manager, actors, and musicians.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL ONE-ACT PLAYS. Doubleday. 1925. $1.50.

Little Theatre Organizations and amateur dramatic groups throughout the country will find these plays a genuine contribution to the ever increasing volume of actable short plays. Incidentally two out of the five, all of which have appeared in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, may be performed without the usual royalty charge; another reason for their proving popular.

With perhaps a single exception, it cannot be said that the collection is a particularly artistic or original one. Indeed, compared with Eugene O'Neill's short plays; Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Aria da Capo"; Susan Glaspell's "Trifles" or Clare Kummer's delightful "Bridges" and "The Robbery," these seem decidedly second best. But good, actable little plays they are, nevertheless—realistic for the most part, with excellent characterizations, sound technique, and plenty of clever, spirited dialogue.

Of the five, Booth Tarkington's "Bimbo, the Pirate" seems most successful in its mood of humorous irony and its suspense, with A. A. Milne's "The Man in the Bowler Hat" a close second. Roland Pertwee's "Evening Dress Indispensable" is a capable handling of a rather overworked

(*Continued on next Page*)

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The New Books

Drama

(*Continued from preceding Page*)

theme, but it should prove especially adaptable as a curtain raiser or for lightening a program of more serious plays. This same author is less successful in "The Loveliest Thing," a sentimental, semi-fantasy faintly reminiscent of Dickens's "Christmas Carol." In "Enter Dora—Exit Dad" Freeman Tilden has done a somewhat made to order little farce on the theme of a modern daughter's methods of putting her father in his place and arranging small town politics and her own love affair to suit herself.

Most of the authors have added notes and suggestions as to the staging of their plays which should make the volume of special value to players and producers.

BILL PORTER. By *Upton Sinclair.* Pasadena, Calif.: Sinclair.

Economics

THE MARXIAN ECONOMIC HANDBOOK AND GLOSSARY. By *W. H. Emmett.* International. $3.25.

COMMONWEALTH. By *C. G. Campbell.* Century. Meade. $2.

Fiction

THE CHEERFUL FRAUD. By K. R. G. BROWNE. Putnam's. 1925.

There ought for everyone to be an occasional hour when something completely foolish and uninforming may fill the bill. "The Cheerful Fraud" is here a candidate for honors. Its story would qualify much better as a lively farce or an amusing movie than as the backbone of a novel, but read it in no exigent mood and you will laugh. How much, depends upon your taste in humor. Drollery is always more successful when it keeps within bounds, and the spots that pall in this book are those where this elusive rule is forgotten and "smartiness"—to quote the children of our acquaintance—is made an unavailing substitute for comedy. But where the naturally ridiculous is not strained, the pages are sufficiently amusing. The story concerns a gentleman crook of a fairly familiar type, an impulsive young baronet with his relatives and his love affair, a social climber and her absent-minded husband, and a rustic inn-keeper who appears not very often but always effectively. These and other elements are skilfully set in motion, in and about an English country house, in a rapid, improbable, but lively series of events, with the speedy love affair as the motivating item and the culmination.

THE ANNEXATION SOCIETY. By J. S. FLETCHER. Knopf. 1925. $2.

The latest product of the Fletcher factory is not likely to win additional renown for the leading exponent of the contemporary murder, theft, detective, and mystery school. It gets away to an early and baffling start, quickly gathers speed and holds a rapid pace through most of the distance, but toward the close, when we are primed for the amazing explosion which will reveal all, we are annoyed by a weak little "pop" like the faint bang of a damp firecracker. The dawning glow, intended to enlighten our trustful and expectant innocence, dimly discloses a few moth-eaten, fly-blown devices which must have been already obsolete when Sherlock Holmes was a boy. Our naturally eager generosity was incapable of accepting such a dénouement with enthusiastic feelings. Had the entire story been run off on a correspondingly dull plane, we would not have minded a conclusion so nearly barren of excitement, novelty and thrill.

The famous Czar's Cross has been mysteriously purloined from the priceless collection of heirlooms owned by the Marquis of Scraye. An amateur sleuth, whose powers of detection are far from bright, essays the task of tracking to earth the unknown perpetrators of the sinister deed. His want of Hawkshavian faculties is redeemed by luck and a gift for tenacious snooping which enable him to be of substantial help in finally cornering the malefactors. The devilish machinations of the gang, including arson and a couple of minor murders, eventually contrive the kidnapping of their young foe's girl and aunt in order to scare him into desisting. All goes along beautifully until the story is within fifty pages of the close, and thereafter it does not. Having been keyed up to a mood of tense uncertainty and anticipation, we were left, in peevish disappointment, to observe the spectacle of the mountain's issue arriving in the form of a mouse.

MARY OF MAGDALA. By ARCHIE BELL. L. C. Page. 1925. $2.

Mr. Bell has told the old, old story with a reverent, well-ordered simplicity, avoiding too distinct and imaginative descriptions of the sinful Mary's life during her brief sovereignty over the affections of the several Roman gentlemen who enjoyed her favors. This part of the narrative is, of course, largely fictitious, its sources having only the haziest foundation in historic record, but the last third of the book, which relates the Magdalen's redemption, her conversion by the Savior and her following of Him, in the final days of His Journey, to Jerusalem, to Mount Calvary and the tomb, has the authority of the Scripture.

There seems to be little doubt that Mary's one claim to immortality rests in the Biblical passages which have rendered her an enduring figure through the ages. For, until the supreme moment when the light of the Savior's presence first entered her soul, she seems, as here depicted, merely a prominent member from the ranks of myriad bejewelled courtesans with whom Roman official dignitaries consorted while stationed abroad. Her character and instincts are sordidly unscrupulous, perfectly adapted in that remote time, as in the present, to a successfully followed career of a daughter of joy.

The book is published for the St. Botolph Society. It seems to us entirely worth reading and, to our surprise, we can assure the average reader that we found it not the least bit tedious.

ELLEN ADAIR. By FREDERICK NIVEN. Boni & Liveright. $2.

Mr. Niven has written a shrewd and convincing characterization of a Scotch middle class family, and particularly of the shallow little light o' love daughter, Ellen Adair. The author's touch is swift and deft. When done with the brief book, one is surprised at how sharply Mr. Niven has drawn in the several members of the family and told a poignant story of a silly girl's seduction.

Ellen dances through life with no thought but for the moment, no interest save her flirtations with the young men, who are either "game," or else hopeless "sumphs." The false pride and cheap pretences of her mother are but breezes to blow Ellen's drifting bark. When Ellen falls and her baby is born, the brave honesty of the father and of the elder sister, Louise, restore a balance. The novel is no mean achievement in its truth and clarity.

KNIGHT AT ARMS. By H. C. BAILEY. Dutton. 1925. $2.

Mr. Bailey turns back to the last half of the fifteenth century to present a knight whose adventures double in number, daring, and danger any knight of the present writer's acquaintance. Sir Silvain de St. Lo, returning to France with a dagger as his only fortune, acquires a horse and armor in a few pages of combat on the road; thenceforth his strength, bravery, and sagacity on larger fields win him honor and the proffer of great rewards, which he in knightly fashion spurns. The great deeds piled one upon another become methodical before Mr. Bailey is done, and his hero seems a mediæval Sir Frank Merriwell. And Thibaut the squire becomes tiresome in his humor in Sancho Panza's vein.

JIMMY SHARSWOOD. By ROY HELTON. Penn. 1924. $2.50.

With the advent of Jimmy Sharswood, there is added to the very small collection of small boys who live in books one young gentleman who contests high place with Tom Sawyer, Penrod, or any of the others. Roy Helton is poet, teacher, tramp, and adventurer, and Jimmy is all but the teacher.

The story is of the Washington of thirty or more years ago, and Old Harrison's barn is for the time being the Capitol. Members of the cabinet are Fatty Baws, Ham and Eggs, Joey Peters, and Alec O'Reilly, Head Captain of the North Street Gang, to say nothing of the seduc-

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tive Lola Murphy and freckled faced Jean, ostensibly the shoemaker's niece. Grown-ups move in the shadows behind the main action as a sort of necessary part of the background, poor stupid animals who know very little of the real joys and mysteries of which life is so full.

But in spite of all its genuineness, "Jimmy Sharswood" cannot be considered primarily a boy's story. It is not written in the black-and-white terms of juvenile fiction. It is neither superficial nor innocuous. It is a genuine study of human character with all its intricacies, somewhat loosely strung together and ending in a rather clumsy and superfluous conclusion, but otherwise consistently true to the finest and subtlest dictates of art. If insight into human nature and condensed brilliancy of style be our standards for fiction, Mr. Helton's work must take high place.

SOMEWHERE SOUTH IN SONORA. By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $2.

Young Elbert Sartwell, only son of wealthy Mid-Westerners, had always yearned for the oldtime Wild West of romance, a West which, if it ever existed, died long before he was born. But the urge finally draws him to the regions of his naive imaginings where, though at first everything seems drably disillusioning in its near likeness to the civilization he had hoped to leave behind, adventure such as he had dreamed soon falls in his way. He is entrusted with a mission by a dying pioneer to find the latter's missing son, who years earlier had fled over the border into Mexico. Elbert by now is ripe for his tests by fire, and though he meets and bests them all, it is agreeable to have him left so nearly human throughout that he suffers occasionally from "cold feet" before he finally grasps the hand of his fellow Rover Boy.

LILITH. By GEORGE MACDONALD. Dutton. 1925. $2.50.

Many perennially delightful children's books have come from George Macdonald. "Lilith," written in 1890, is of far different stuff. It is pure symbolism, abstruse and involved. The author's son writes an introduction for this edition, and suggests that "Lilith" was the expression of his father's mature philosophy, a philosophy that could only be couched in this difficult terminology. The reasons for this necessity for symbolism are, unfortunately, not made clear. The younger Macdonald further tries to facilitate the reader's understanding of the elaborate structure, but the attempt has little success.

There is much in "Lilith" that is pictorially interesting, and there is a modicum of coherent narrative. As a whole, however, the allegory is unintelligible to the average person. We struggle to perceive meanings; we strive to extract relationships between the expressed and the implied; for the most part such sincere efforts are in vain. Clearly Macdonald is concerned with good and evil, with man's struggle to express himself to the full and to enter upon a larger, purer life than mortals usually can know. But the process is unnecessarily befogged and obscured by layer upon layer of ornate symbolism. What value shall be placed upon an exposition that does not make clear its subject-matter? Or what benefit does a prophet bring to his message when that message is esoteric to the point of incoherence? We do not doubt that "Lilith" was tremendously vital to its author; we may justly question, though, its worth to the world at large.

THE KISS AND THE QUEUE. By ISABEL ANDERSON. Four Seas. 1925. $2.

In Mrs. Anderson's collection of fifteen short stories we were unable to perceive anything beyond the ordinary, no single item of the lot seeming to rise above the level of general mediocrity maintained throughout the book. The minor assistance acquired by introducing a great variety of settings seems to be of no help at all. For whether the scene here is the northwest Rockies or Spain, Japan or Cape Cod, the author seems unable to invest her characters and incidents with any qualities of compelling interest. Love is the prevailing element in most of them, and each story is told, as her share in the entertainment of her companions, by one or another of a group of Red Cross women stationed in northern France during wartime. The ladies represent various nationalities, views, and experiences, personal or unrelated to themselves, and some of them prove dull yarn spinners indeed.

THE ROAD TO MONTEREY. By *George W. Ogden.* McClurg. $2.
WINGS OF DESIRE. By *Maurice Dekobra.* Macaulay. $2 net.
THE WOMAN THOU ART. By *Grant Sinclair.* Macaulay. $2 net.
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SOUTH WIND. By *Norman Douglas.* Dodd, Mead. $2.50.
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DECEMBER THE FOURTEENTH. By *Dmitri. S. Merezhkovsky.* Translated by *Nathalie A. Duddington.* International Publishers.
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THE OUTCAST. By LUIGI PIRANDELLO. Translated by *Leo Ongley.* Dutton. $2.50.
—AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER. By *Meredith Nicholson.* Scribner's. $2.
HALF TOLD TALES. By *Henry Van Dyke.* Scribner's. $1.50.
A BUSH THAT BURNED. By *Marjorie Barkley McClure.* Minton, Balch. $2.
PIANO QUINTET. By *Edward Sackville West.* $2.50 net.
OREGON SKETCHES. By *Wallace Smith.* Putnams. $2.50.

Foreign

UN DRAME DE FAMILLE. By MARCELLE TINAYRE. Paris: Calmann-Levy. 1925. Frs. 7.50.

"I am not afraid of phantoms. They do me the favor of visiting me often and the gods have given me the power to recognize them. Phantoms resemble our hopes and our memories." In the sketch quoted the phantoms are closely related to suppressed desires, conjured into ephemeral life at a masked ball by the gracious wand of the author. Madame Tinayre's latest volume is a collection of just such guests, protean phantoms, offering now tragedy, now comedy, but oftener a sympathetic blending of the two, and revealing some striking but inobvious trait of personality. Well known for her novels, she has published books of travel, critical and historical studies, and now she proves herself a cunning artificer of the short story. Many of the little tales in this volume seem to owe their inspiration to a vacation trip in her native Limousin or to the memories it evoked. The more ambitious title story offers full length portraits of provincial characters so gripping as to leave us convinced even at the melodramatic ending. Mme. Tinayre regards provincial types as more highly diversified than the Parisians and her book does much to justify this claim. She belongs to the realistic school by a part of her work, but even here her "documents" keep their rightful place, serving only as a check on her imagination and safeguarding against sentimentality her subtle analyses of sentiment.

MENSCH EN MENIGTE IN AMERIKA By J. HUIZINGA. Haarlem: H. D. Tjeenk Willink and Zoon. 1925.

With learning and wit, clear apprehension of their weaknesses, but with high appreciation of the Americans, this famous Dutch essayist furnishes us with a mirror. The first of the four chapters, in this thoroughly revised edition of his book surveys critically the era of our independence and subsequent development, politics and problems. One gets the idea of our having so strong a eugenic inheritance, that the United States will probably succeed in sloughing off even those eruptions of today, that at times seem like malignant tumors, carbuncles, and other evidences of internal disease. The analyses of recent economic developments are set forth with a vigor that shows familiarity with every sort of trade manipulation, especially as influenced by the modern inventions and ease of communication and transportation. Most interesting of all is the final chapter upon "Tame and Wild America," and the men from Roosevelt to Wilson, who have tasted most of both. In literature, the survey is from Hawthorne and Henry James to Emerson and Whitman. On the whole, the native

(*Continued on next Page*)

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The New Books

(Continued from preceding Page)

Foreign

feels like rubbing his hands in glee to find that in a foreign mirror nature is *not* herein "pictured *too* severely true." The index is a good one.

BIJ ONS IN NOORD HOLLAND. By H. J. HEIJNES. Amsterdam: Waten Have.

Numerous are the sketches of Dutch life more or less sympathetic—the less sympathetic tending to caricature—but to those who love to see how the Dutch really live and enjoy life, this is *the* book. It abounds with wit, for the author has a keen sense of both bright speech and of humor and enjoys picturing with amusement and sympathy his own people in their sunny and dark days, good and hard times. In North Holland, the animals and the human beings seem very close to each other in both understanding and sympathy and "Bartje and I" appear to have a steadily good time together. One thing is certain, that outwardly the Dutch change with the times, while inwardly human nature in either South or North Holland remains as of old.

Government

THE "MACHINE" ABOLISHED. By CHARLES C. P. CLARK. Putnams. 1925. $1.50.

The same vintage of political wrath that brought forth Henry George and Edward Bellamy yielded another work of speculative civics that in its time likewise made some stir. It is interesting to find that Dr. Clark's scheme of electoral reform possesses enough vitality, after a quarter-century of quiescence, to strike out with something of the force of a new idea. Our party system, and the electoral methods out of which it rises, have not undergone any such happy transfiguration as would rob the Clark plan of its relevancy. The new edition of "The Machine Abolished" fits well enough into a time when men still vote, and women as well, for persons about whom they have no certain knowledge, hand picked by anonymous politicians.

No one, in his capacity of citizen and voter, under the Clark plan, would elect a President, Legislator, Governor, Judge or even Mayor. Neighborhood groups of citizens would meet once every three years, and each choose one man, to do their electing for them. The resulting delegates would elect only in cases where they in turn could act in bodies of not over two hundred or so. In the election of a President, four successive step-ups, as the radio parlance has it, would intervene between the individual citizen and the Nation's choice. As long as a select few are to pick those destined to govern us, the people, according to Dr. Clark, may as well have a hand, if only an indirect one, in the selection of these few. Whatever its shortcomings, the plan offers the shortest conceivable ballot.

NEW ASPECTS OF POLITICS. *By Charles E. Marriam.* University of Chicago Press. $2.50.
THE QUEBEC ACT. By *R. Coupland.* Oxford University Press.

History

GREEK SOCIAL LIFE. By *F. A. Wright.* Dutton. $2.
CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN ADAMS AND THOMAS JEFFERSON, 1812-1826. Selected by *Paul Wilstach.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.75.
THE TAMING OF THE FRONTIER. Edited by *Duncan Aikman.* Minton, Balch. $3.

International

THE THRESHOLD OF THE PACIFIC. By C. E. Fox. New York. Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $6.

"The Threshold of the Pacific" is a particularly pointed illustration of the impression which the late Dr. Rivers made upon his associates. This valuable collection of ethnographical data from the island of San Cristoval, in the Solomons, is treated reverently, with due acknowledgment to the "master." Dr. Rivers induced the author to enter the field of ethnographical research, and every effort is made to stress the results which conform to Dr. Rivers's brilliant and sketchy theories. Contrary opinions are piously regretted in footnotes. This attitude and a resounding preface by Elliot Smith have done their part in marring the usefulness of the book.

Dr. Fox already possessed a wide knowledge of Oceanic languages: this knowledge he used loosely for general comparative purposes. He approached the analysis of the San Cristoval native culture with a linguistic bias and two theories to establish, one methodological, the other historical. He was committed to the use of mythology and religious practices as they appeared associated with various forms of social organization as the best method of reconstructing the history of primitive culture: Rivers's use had sanctified this method. In addition there was the whole Diffusionist position to bolster up; the traces of early Egyptian culture with its differentia of mumification, serpent worship, sun cult, etc., must be distinguished in the complex San Cristoval culture, *a priori* assumed to be the product of several distinct migrations. Approaching his material from this standpoint, Dr. Fox was doomed to produce a volume which was neither pure theory nor pure description. Most fortunately, he has handled the two aspects separately, though often on the same page. His interpretations have not skewed the actual presentation of the facts—they are simply tacked on often superfluously. But the choice of material reflects a preliminary bias, and it is here that the work has suffered. For example, art is discussed only as it throws light on a sun cult, or a moon cult, or the status of a particular clan. And the general account of the religious belief and practices is falsified by the continual insistence upon stratification. By separating a complex system of beliefs, often containing anachronistic and contradictory elements, into a series of hypothetical and coherent systems identified with separate migrations, he has tremendously oversimplified the picture of the culture.

But owing to the amount of painstaking labor which Dr. Fox has expended, and to the meticulous honesty which prevents him from introducing any speculations without expressly labelling them as such, "The Threshold of the Pacific" remains a valuable collection of accurate ethnographical information, despite the defects inherent in a scientific work written in the defense of a peculiar orthodoxy.

NOW AND FOREVER. By SAMUEL ROTH. McBride. 1925. $1.75.

Mr. Samuel Roth has an ardent nature. He is endowed with the poetic gift and is capable of passionate thinking. In this little book he has become confused. The significance of being a Jew has tremendously affected his mode of thinking. Jewish history and his own Jewish experience have sent him groping after the concealed constituents of Jewish character. The task apparently has warped his point of view on the subject. His subconscious mind has become obsessed with the intricacies of the Jewish problem, and after brooding over them for many years, sentimental years of adolescence and young manhood, he emitted his conclusions in a gush of hot opinion and scalding prejudice. "Now and Forever" thus appears a verbal torrent of formless thought expressed with fanatic zeal and courageous ignorance.

The book is written in the form of a dialogue between Mr. Israel Zangwill and the author, carried on in the latter's subconscious mind while attending a tea at the Zangwills and observing closely the writer of "The Children of the Ghetto." Mr. Roth is very hostile to Zangwill, sometimes even abusive. He blames the founder of the Jewish Territorial Organization to have assumed the rôle of the legendary Pharoah who has finally caught up with the Jews and now aspires to lead them—not into Palestine but into lands of nowhere. He takes Zangwill by the coat collar and drags him through the whole of Jewish history; he pauses long enough to impress upon his imaginary victim his peculiar though sometimes ingenious explanation of the why and wherefore of Jewish character, antisemitism, God, Jesus, Herzl, and other similar subjects. He excoriates the reformed rabbi, the antisemite, the Zionists even.

Nevertheless the book is very stimulating to anyone interested in Jewish affairs. The author's very prejudices present the reader with a point of view that is original if not sound; and they are expressed in a vigorous and glittering flow of words. One feels sorry that his laudable earnestness and brilliancy are used to express his ideas and notions on the Jewish problem

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without the clarifying severity of self-criticism. Mr. Zangwill, with much good grace, contributes a lengthy preface in which he defends his now defunct Jewish Territorial Organization. His views of the Jewish problem, more salutary and more appealing, also emerge from the emotions.

WHITHER ENGLAND? By *Leon Trotsky*. International. $1.75.

SOCIAL CLASSES IN POST-WAR EUROPE. By *Lothrop Stoddard*. Scribners. $2.

Juvenile

THE BOYS' LIFE OF GENERAL GRANT. By WILLIAM O. STEVENS. Harpers. 1925. $1.75.

Grant's life is one to interest and inspire American youth, and to help satisfy the curiosity which all normal boys feel about the Civil War campaigns. Mr. Stevens has written an accurate, well-colored biography, not too elementary, of which some 200 pages—there are fewer than 350 altogether—are devoted to the war. There is a plenitude of anecdote, selected to throw into relief Grant's traits of taciturnity, dogged determination, hard sense, and honesty. Horace Porter's "Campaigning With Grant" has been one of the principal sources used. The author glances only briefly at Grant's career as President, and in his interpretation of certain episodes of these eight years is unduly favorable to his hero. But he does not gloss over the story of the Grant & Ward failure, which is dramatic in the extreme, and which has some lessons highly desirable for boys. The quiet heroism of Grant's last days is well described, and Mr. Stevens does not forget to note that Generals Joseph Johnston and Simon Buckner walked behind the coffin in New York city. His book is a worthy addition to a series which already included Hermann Hagedorn's "Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt" and "Mark Twain."

Miscellaneous

FIRST AID TO THE OPERA GOER. By MARY FITCH WATKINS. Stokes. 1925. $3.

WHAT MUSIC DOES TO US. By MILO E. BENEDICT. Small, Maynard. 1925. $1.50.

Miss Watkins is one of those rare persons who can attend a performance of opera in company with a sense of humor. Most of us feel too keenly the fearful incongruity in the puerile and imbecile librettos panoplied, as they are, with all the splendor of fine scenery, beautiful voices, and magnificent orchestras. Instead of ignoring the silly stories, Mary Watkins accepts them lightheartedly, pokes fun at them, retells them with delicate irony, and proceeds at once to sufficient elucidation of the whole matter of story and music. Hers is one of the best books of opera stories anywhere because it can be read on its own account. It is a witty and charming collection of stories, which, were they not so familiar, we should hardly recognize as the silly old tales of opera. It is an excellent introduction for those who don't happen to know opera very well, and a pleasant bit of reading for those who wish to remind themselves of dimly remembered plots.

"What Music Does To Us" is another kind of book. Mr. Benedict might justly have named it "A Revaluation of Musical Values." He is distinctly iconoclastic. Lately, we have been hearing a good deal about the powers of music to solve our problems, cure our ills, and secure world peace. Apparently, according to some of these enthusiasts, all that is necessary is to have the population assemble at some inconvenient hour on the village green, or in the city parks and sing together a few old songs—the millennium will then come walking quietly over the hill. Mr. Benedict doesn't seem to believe this. Indeed, he points out some decided disadvantages in a too slavish yielding to the increasing exactions of this most exacting art. Since he is a teacher, and one well seasoned with experience, (he is spoken of as one of the later pupils of Liszt) he doubtless speaks from observation. He rightly pleads for a more balanced relationship between the general business of life and the study of music.

The little book touches some important questions concerning musical education and the nature and effects of music. It is an intelligent and clever book that in itself disproves much of its author's case against the narrowness and general incapacity of musicians. In his case, at [illegible] study and practice of music [illegible] prevented him, judging by his thinking and writing, from becoming an intelligent and delightful human being.

Philosophy

STUDIES IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF DAVID HUME. By CHARLES W. HENDEL, JR. Princeton University Press. 1925. $4 net.

Professor Hendel's book, although it is needlessly long, more than justifies itself because of the flood of new light it sheds upon an acute critical genius whose real contribution to "the stock of knowledge that must pass to future generations" has been hitherto overlooked or misinterpreted. And it is an eminently readable book, too, happily almost free from the turgidity and apparently deliberate fogginess that mar the writings of too many professional philosophers.

The author takes the reader pleasantly through the chief events of Hume's quiet life, doing a real service in pointing out clearly the evolution of the precocious young Scotsman's ideas, listing the ancient and contemporary thinkers who formed his views, and showing how Epicurean, Stoic, and Academic teaching prepared him for his assimilation of the doctrines of Montaigne, Locke, Bayle, and particularly of Hobbes and Malebranche, Bishop Butler and Berkeley. Very acute is his analysis of Hume's progress to the point where he asked the pregnant question, "Why is a cause always necessary?"—a query that was to prove so embarrassing to philosophers, especially to Kant, who devoted nine years of study to formulating a reply.

But the meat of this book is in the chapters on Hume's theory of causation, and the rôle played by the imagination. Here is a really new view of Hume. No one interested in the proper evaluation of Hume's philosophy can afford to neglect this careful and revealing study; and it will be surprising if most competent readers do not find that the book will force them to revise their previous estimates in large measure, and to accord to the great Scotch thinker a far higher place as an original discoverer in the realm of thought than he has hitherto been granted.

Poetry

THE OXFORD BOOK OF RUSSIAN VERSE. Chosen by the HON. MAURICE BARING. Oxford University Press. 1925.

The purpose of the present anthology is not quite clear. If it is a compendium for students of Russian, then it will be found to be beyond their reach, all the more since it has no notes bearing on the syntax and peculiarities of Russian poetic style. To lovers and connoisseurs of Russian it has nothing to offer. Full of lacunæ, it fails to mention poets that, for the last fifteen years, have become the inalienable property of Russian culture. Nor are they all moderns. The poet Yakubovich, known in Russia as P. Y., poet, martyr, prisoner, exile, who died some thirty years ago, and was responsible for the remarkable translation of Baudelaire's "Fleurs du Mal," has found no favor with the compiler. And where is Mayakovski?

Mr. Baring does say in the Introduction that the anthology does not pretend to deal with the post-revolutionary poetry. Yet he records Block's death (1921). All those omitted have been active in Russian *belles-lettres* for the last fifteen years. In vain do we look for the name of Zinaida Gippius, wife of Merezhkovski, a poet of great importance. And Igor Severyanin, the leader of imaginists. Kuzmina, poet of popularity and importance. Where is Vyacheslav Ivanov, the poet, pagan, and great stylist? Why have we no trace of Belyi, author of St. Petersburg, and spiritual brother of Block? And why is that unforgettable poem of Brusov, Mason, missing? There is no criterion discernible in the selection of poets worthy of inclusion in the anthology.

Travel

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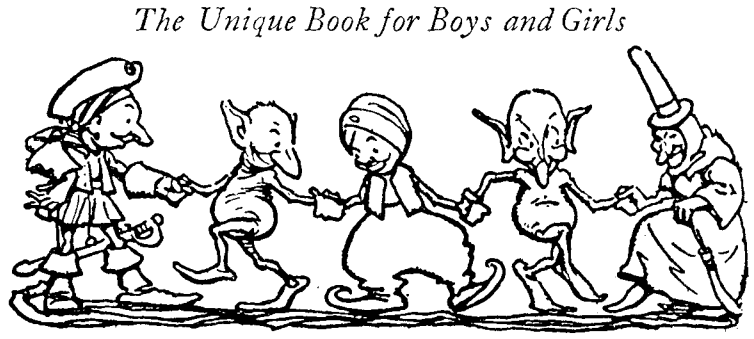

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The New Books
Travel

(*Continued from preceding page*)

a nine-months' world-tour, to the "Dearly Beloved People at Home," descriptive of the sights they saw and the places visited. The letters were not originally intended for circulation beyond the immediate family and friends. Never once does the guileless author seem to suspect that he is missing a single attraction of the universal show unwinding before him, although it is apparent that he is being directed to none but the cut-and-dried features of the tour books. He employs the rubber-stamp busily in recording his impressions, and rarely bubbles over ecstatically.

"THE whole year sets apace," as Rosetti put it in his most famous ballad. We recently returned to the city from northward wearing what seemed to us the sole remaining straw hat of the summer. Straws show which way the wind blows, and, to crib another line, this time from Villon, "the wind has blown them all away." Before we know it, almost, it is autumn, and woodfires and evenings round the lamp are very near. The reading season begins again.

This winter we *should* like to get through at least one book, be it old or comparatively new, that would really prove solid nourishment. Summer passes with its light novels. And the youth of the nation turns to more serious books perforce. We older ones need read no longer according to anyone's command, and hence most of us follow the path of least resistance in this regard. We fritter away the evenings that draw in. The world's main occupation is money-making and its evenings are tired. It seems the accepted thing to believe that only the lightest (often synonymous with the trashiest) literature truly relaxes. Well, that is all as you look at it. After all, it is all in forming a taste.

We have never advocated reading "for improvement." This method produces amateur pedants or "serious thinkers," whose thinking is, in reality neither deep nor broad. But it is just as easy to get interested in a work with some vestiges of style and some observations above platitude, as it is to skim the average fiction magazine or keep abreast only of the biggest sellers. Not that a "best seller" may not often be an excellent book—but that, too often, its very breadth of appeal is an appeal to that aforesaid love of the reading line-of-least-resistance in most people.

So far as we go, ourselves, we are, in the main, a fraud. We share with the most average of readers an ability to waste our time on the perusal of trash that sometimes almost makes us blush. There are plenty of great books that we know glibly by name and appreciate only vicariously. Hence, these tears. Tears of recognition and resolve! As Chesterton puts it in his "Ballade of Suicide"

I never read the works of Juvenal,
I think I shall not hang myself today.

There are plenty of other unread authors that shall preserve us from succumbing to the despair born of our ignorance of much great literature. No, we think we shall not hang ourself this winter, for *we* have never read any great English author complete. In fact, we have only sampled any one a comparatively few times. We have sampled fairly widely; but it was only sampling.

One could, however, repair one's ignorance rather rapidly if one adopted any really systematized method of reading. At least, so we are always assuring ourselves. "The long winter evenings" are of course the very best period in which to evolve such a system. Yet, with the passing of the age of leisure and the day of a few great authors, any such systematization has grown quite a complicated matter. The horizon of our own period is a wider and more amazing one. Ten things shout for attention where one whispered before. Our energies of observation, analysis and judgment are dispersed over an increasing variety of subjects. One cannot even begin to commence to know very much of the world's literature past and present, with the little time at one's disposal.

But then, what, after all, are we trying to be? Literary encyclopædias? That way of looking at the subject is basically wrong. A love of literature is simply the formation of a sound taste for excellent writing and the true cultivation of this taste upon every opportunity. And a love of literature, though it argues inevitably an informed process of comparison, need not necessarily argue what we loosely term "scholarship." For some seem, actually, *born* with good literary taste, while others have to labor arduously to achieve it. In certain cases heredity transmits the gift, without desert, perhaps, on the part of the recipient, who chooses, as if by inspired instinct, the gold from the dross. Time is economized for these fortunate dabblers. By instinct again they make the most of their reading time. Where others have sometimes laboriously to educate themselves up to the point of appreciation of certain perfections in writing, these others (profiting by ancestral culture) gravitate naturally toward accomplished craftsmanship and superior technique. To these fortunate ones the great books of the world speak immediately, even as the intelligence comprehends immediately. Slower methods of plodding comparison are skipped.

But these, of course, are the exceptions. With most of us, when we will to abandon the line of least resistance in our reading, we find the merits of many works counted great quite obstinate at first to our comprehension. We feel an obduracy in the most laurelled authors that, often, we must work hard to overcome. Then we may be sure that we are not approaching their work in the right spirit. We are not taking them upon their own terms. We are not exercising our intelligence concerning them. Even as an intelligent man is apt to become non-communicative in the presence of the conversation of a fool, so these dead minds seem to sense some insincerity in our approach to them and withdraw their real communications. Their statements are before us. The words on the page are the same to us as to any reader; but because we cannot do *our* part in establishing a mutual understanding—even if only to disagree—the light has gone out of the text.

These random remarks are suggested by the thought of mental struggles bound to occur in winter lamplight on the part of all those who intend, as do we, to read to a little more purpose this coming season. But, of course, it is the baldest of platitudes to say that nothing worth winning is ever won without effort. And time is really too short upon this fevered planet always to be contented with second or third best. Heaven knows we are fussy and hard enough to please about many things of less real importance than the language on which we feed our minds.

The power of human language can be pondered in a thousand different aspects. Only as we come to know its potency in various types of great literature do we become really fit to communicate our thoughts to each other in daily speech. Only then, indeed, do we become able to appreciate the colors and rhythms and cacophonic effects of the common babble. The study of a variety of literary styles adds enormously to the interest of all we hear. That interest no longer resides solely in the information conveyed but in the whole process and architecture (so to speak) of its communication. And suddenly it is as if a thousand details in the decoration of daily life sprang into evidence where the prospect formerly had been bare and flat. Language has such strange offices and powers. The study of all that resides in its complex rhythms should be a fascination forever!

If we approach more solid nourishment in reading in such an attitude, without undue pomp and ceremony, the doors of the classics may not prove so obdurate. Here are persons using the very tongue in which we speak with a command that reveals its resources to us. It is always a pleasure to watch, say, a perfect athlete at some sport in which we ourselves are but a mere dabbler. Just so should it be a pleasure to watch the champion athletes of language display feats beyond our own puny efforts. At the bottom of all real human achievement is a profound realization of the power of the word. As we endeavor to develop that realization in ourselves so do we become the best lovers of literature. Not so thoroughly informed, perhaps, as some others, but going straight to the heart of the matter.

W. R. B.

The Salad Bowl

Philadelphia! Is not the very name with its pentasyllabic suavity a rebuke to hustle and confusion? On the top of the steps of one genteel old clubhouse stood a butler in a mulberry coat conning the street with a pair of field-glasses. He looked west, and he looked east, then shut his glasses satisfied that there was no one in town. Of course ordinary people were strolling along just as they do in the London West End in August, but that butler did not notice them. It was a pretty Mayfair sort of sight.

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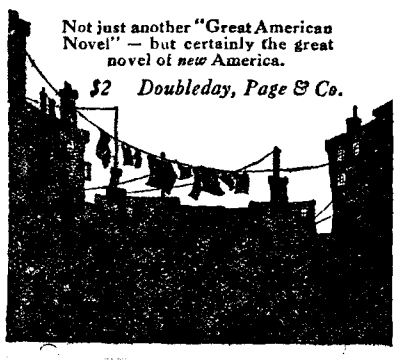

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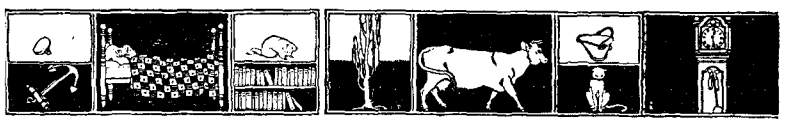

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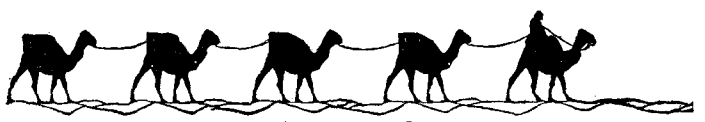

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A re-reading club has been organized by M. F. in Philadelphia, whose material will consist of "books of human interest which bear a second and third reading with profit." They ask me for novels that challenge the mind of the reader to such action, and as the group is made up of men and women of widely varying experience, the books should have something of a universal appeal.

ANY reader looking back over his experience with books finds that certain of them have grown with his growth and satisfied him, at wide intervals, for widely different reasons. "The Wind in the Willows," a complete experience to an imaginative child, provides him in later life with an unsuspected key to what England means to Englishmen, let alone the depths of human nature that come to light in the animals. Reading Hans Christen Andersen now I wonder what I loved him for as a child, he is so thoroughly grown-up. The novels of George Macdonald are most of them like this, and I recommend to this group his "Lilith," just published here (Dutton) in the edition commemorative of his centennary. I hope, by the way, that the recent publication by the Dial Press of the charming biography "George Macdonald and His Wife" may stimulate a revival of interest in G. M. He is timeless enough to be modern.

"Poems for Youth," selected by William Rose Benét (Dutton), is not only a book of unhackneyed and representative American poems, but through his introductory notes, a running commentary on the development of American poetry. Of "Jungle Days" (Putnam), I need but say that William Beebe wrote it, unless there are school libraries that do not know what they are missing if they have not what he writes. "The English Speaking Nations," by Morris and Wood (Oxford University Press) is a "study in the development of the commonwealth ideal," good food for young readers in the countries whose landmarks of national policy it traces, these being England, Canada, South, East, and West Africa, Australia and New Zealand, and the United States, with chapters on Egypt and India. And there is a new edition of Dan Beard's famous "American Boy's Handy Book" (Scribner), with valuable additions.

M. P., Tulsa, Oklahoma, and Z. C., Richmond, Cal., ask for books on entertainments for church fairs and similar activities with an admission fee.

The latest of these is "Make Your Bazar Pay," by Emily Rose Burt (Harper), coming out in time to arrange the campaign complete from soliciting contributions, arranging with local merchants, through decorations, financing and publicity. "A Book of Entertainments and Theatricals," by Helena Dayton and Louise Barratt (McBride), is a compendium of advice on fairs, reunions, club dinners, plays with their costumes, scenery and make-up, decorations—in a word, everything an entertainment committee asks for. "Stunts of Fun and Fancy," by Elizabeth Hanley (Franch), is a pamphlet with a number of new scenarios and directions for performance of entertainments. They can be performed very simply and with almost no preparation, or developed into quite elaborate affairs. The "Up to Date Social Affairs," in Mrs. H. B. Linscott's book with this title (Jacobs) are such as would be carried out by the entertainment committee of a club or church with programs to present regularly and often to about the same people. I admit that under some of these showers, conundrum luncheons and "crazy nites" I should just curl up and die, but that has not kept me from advising it to several committees who have put it to use. "Parties for Occasions," by Claire Wallis and Nellie R. Gates (Century), is for younger hostesses and more especially for school and vacation gaieties, but the ideas could be easily adapted to church suppers and sociables.

"Ritual and Dramatized Folkways," by Ethel Jesspon and Beatrice Becker—no, no relation—(Century), though intended for schools and camps, could be used quite as well for church and Sunday school activities or by clubs; the material drawn from familiar sources of folklore, popular dance and well known poems, makes of these pantomimes, dramatizations and ballets of surprising charm. The prettiest are the dance-songs such as the Chauve Souris introduced to us.

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Points of View

Miss Sitwell's Critics

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature*:

SIR:

In her article called "The Criticism of Poetry" which appeared in *The Saturday Review* two weeks ago Miss Sitwell sketches a very misleading view of current literary criticism in England. Not many American readers will be in a position to relate her statements to the facts of the case. It is therefore not unjust that another English poet, a contemporary of Miss Sitwell's, should be allowed to state the facts as they appear to him. Miss Sitwell dealt chiefly with her personal grievances against reviewers of her own books. Passing over any English doubts that may exist as to whether newspaper reviews of Miss Sitwell's writings can be strictly regarded as criticism, in the literary sense of that much misapplied word, several of her statements are most challengeable. She says, for instance, that "In England nobody is allowed to criticize poetry so long as he or she knows anything about it." Of the occasional and regular reviewers of contemporary verse whose names immediately occur to me I may mention Mr. J. C. Squire, Mr. John Freeman, Mr. Edwin Muir (one of Miss Sitwell's particular champions), Mr. Harold Monro, Mr. Edmund Blunden, Mr. Martin Armstrong, Mr. Humbert Wolfe, Mrs. Sylvia Lynd, Miss Naomi Royde Smith, Mr. Robert Graves, Mr. Edward Shanks, Mr. Richard Hughes, and myself. These, all poets in their kind, have reviewed verse to my certain knowledge during the past few years and most of them continue to do so, some anonymously, some not.

Miss Sitwell also states that poets nowadays are persecuted as Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, and Coleridge were persecuted; that every great poet has always been abused, insulted, worried and, if possible, driven into the grave. This is as wild and hysterical a statement as I have ever read in any review of modern English poetry: it is also a gross misinterpretation of literary history. She quotes Mr. Siegfried Sassoon, Mr. Richard Aldington, and her own brother as examples of persecuted poets. These gentlemen are well-fed, comfortably situated young men who, in two instances at least, I think, would certainly not agree to being made martyrs in this ridiculous way. Mr. Sassoon enjoyed a war popularity second only to that of Rupert Brooke; when I left England a few weeks ago Mr. Aldington's most recent poem was being warmly reviewed in five papers out of six—at all events it was not being abused. And it is only a few months since *The Times* "Review of the Year 1924" mentioned Mr. Sitwell's book of verse, "The Thirteenth Caesar," as one of the two outstanding books of verse of the year. So much for the persecution of these particular writers. Nothing could be so patently ridiculous as Miss Sitwell's assumption that because Jeffreys and Gifford attacked the poems of Wordsworth and Keats and, in our own day, other critics (most of them poets too) have attacked Miss Sitwell's writings, that, *ipso facto*, Miss Sitwell is a new Wordsworth, or Shelley, or Keats, as the case may be—for she leaves us in the dark as to this last fine point of logic.

The fact is that no three young poets in England have had so much publicity in the newspapers as Miss Sitwell and her two brothers. Unlike most of their fellow poets they are not compelled to trouble their heads with the ordinary bread-and-butter considerations of life: they may say what they like, where they like, and indulge in certain forms of self-advertisement which most of their contemporaries shun as a matter of taste. *De gustibus non disputandum est.* The Sitwell family also furnishes one of the most striking illustrations in recent years of how much there is to be gained by exploiting the popular, vulgar fear of neglecting contemporary genius. I do not suggest that they have never been reviewed antagonistically, but so have most of the other poets whose names appear in the above list of reviewers. They, however, do not indulge in the press-cutting habit, or, if they do, they follow the example of Wordsworth and his peers by refusing to weep in public over their setbacks. Miss Sitwell takes an unmistakably feminine view of the matter. She cannot abide the criticism that does not share her personal opinion of her own work. Why else go to the trouble of attacking the opinions of her own tar-babies, who, as she believes, (to use the phrase of a great Victorian poet whom she appears to despise) are no better than "lice upon the locks of literature?"

"Speak ill of a woman," says one of the French epigrammatists, "and she may forgive you: but ignore her and she will hate you eternally." Miss Sitwell does not refer to the fact that many of the most established critics in England have been content to ignore her work. Mr. Squire and Mr. Gosse may be mentioned as examples. Rightly or wrongly they have not seen fit either to praise or blame Miss Sitwell: their tendency has been not to notice her, or, at the worst, to say that they personally found her writings unintelligible. This does not necessarily brand them as dull and dry as Miss Sitwell so naïvely suggests. A poet who hires a fashionable concert-hall with money that might have helped many another poet of quality to escape his financial troubles for a month or two, to recite her work through a speaking-trumpet to an audience of people, deserves the good natured burlesque which Miss Sitwell received in Mr. Noel Coward's revue. But it is not true that writers of revues are in the habit of abusing and insulting poets. I doubt if any other living English writer has been mentioned in any revue or musical comedy on the English stage for ten years with the sole exception of Miss Sitwell and her brothers. Like her original letter to *The Saturday Review* the occasion to which she refers was an excellent advertisement for her books. Her phrases about poets being driven into exile and untimely death are mere sentimental verbiage. Does Miss Sitwell really believe that the reviewers killed Keats and exiled Shelley? He is a poor poet who can be driven to death by an antagonistic review. Nothing could be worse for poets and poetry than to put our poets in a glass case and spoon-feed them at intervals with potions of adulation and recognition. Let them win their way as better men have done, not by self advertisement and disaparagement of their contemporaries but by means of their work. In short, it is impossible in reason not to recognize that poetry thrives upon criticism: and criticism, being a human activity, like poetry, is bound to have its injustices and errors. There is nothing in Miss Sitwell's article to suggest that where so many contemporary poets have been fit to abuse her (though, actually, they have done nothing of the kind), by some remote possibility their opinion of her work may be justified.

EDWARD DAVISON.

Behaviorism

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Your reviewer of Watson's "Behaviorism" has scored a palpable hit. If it is not criticism it is, at least, poetic justice for Mr. Watson had practiced the same kind of marksmanship in his review of Jung's "Psychological Types." But it may be doubted whether the student of psychology is primarily interested in dispensing poetic justice. He rather subscribes to the belief that "Vengeance is of the Gods." Not that Watson's lack of suavity does not deserve reproof. It has tended to alienate many readers. But science should be impersonal and should not be decked out in cap and bells. Even the irrepressible Stephen Leacock exercises restraint when writing on economic subjects.

Mr. Jastrow's wit is of the mellowest. It would seem, however, that he hit the target and then drew a bull's eye. The "great resource" of Behaviorism is not the conditioned reflex. Watson's contributions to psychology are not a mere derivature therefrom. His brand of Behaviorism is significant because it places psychology on an objective basis— a bit too artificially objective at times. His insistence that the human organism is an "organic" machine reacting to stimuli with its total personality, distributes the emphasis equally on the emotional and intellectual factors of behavior. It enlarges the unitary conception of mind so as to include instinct, emotion, and glandular activity.

Nor is the conditioned reflex of purely canine origin. He borrowed Pavloa's technique of experimentation and has applied it to the study of infants. He has concerned himself less with the salivary gland than with instincts and emotions. His findings seem to be in accord with modern psychology. When he asserts that the number of innate instincts and emotions are few indeed, he speaks the language of Rivers, Sherrington, and McDougall. It is submitted that few psychologists are clear as to what constitutes instinct and Watson's position does not differ radically from that of the non-Behaviorists. True his definition of instinct and emotion errs in the direction of over simplification but he builds on observable facts and not on metaphors and analogies. Are "drives" any more intelligible than conditioned reflexes? The behaviorists' "stock of concepts" may be "meagre" but he does not work them "beyond their capacity." At least he does not spin from them tensious webs of hypothesis that are more shimmering than durable.

And these concepts do not flow "from that slight salivary stream." There are other streams that your reviewer does not stress. There is objective experimentation with control groups, the importance of glandular activity, the affective trends of intellectual life and the educative value of reconditioning. By under-emphasizing these aspects of behaviorism Mr. Jastrow deprived the reader who goes to the review for his mental sustenance of much solid nourishment. He offers a highly diverting account of the obviously objectionable in Behaviorism; and those who go to Watson's book will exclaim, in a different tone, "So this is Behaviorism?"

ALBERT J. LEVINE.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

AUCTION SEASON OPENS

THE first auction sale of the season will be held under the management of Charles F. Heartman at Metuchen, N. J., in a single session on October 2. The sale includes selections from various consignments and comprises books, pamphlets, broadsides, autographs, and music. There is material relating to the Revolutionary War, California and the Far West, early finance, the Federal Constitution and its adoption, the North American Indians, Vermont, Washington, and an unusual and extensive collection of the songs of Stephen C. Foster.

The first sale of the season at the new salesrooms of Stan. V. Henkels & Co., at 1110-1116 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, will be held on October 6, when valuable books from the collections of John L. Manning, war governor of South Carolina, and General James Chestnut, Jr., aide to Jefferson Davis, will be sold. These two collections comprise rare American history, Confederate newspapers and imprints, broadsides, early Quaker tracts, Lincolniana, Elzevir imprints, and other early printed books in special bindings. One of the rarest items is a broadside containing Jefferson Davis's retaliatory address in answer to Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, a folio sheet, bearing the date of January 5, 1863, published by the Richmond *Inquirer*. This is an excessively rare item unknown to collectors until it appeared in one of Mr. Henkels's catalogues about a year ago. This is one of the most interesting and important of Southern imprints, as it is the address of the president of the Confederacy, complaining of the unconstitutional manner in which, as he claimed, Abraham Lincoln issued his proclamation declaring slaves within the limits of the Southern Confederacy to be free. In this broadside he declared:

"Now, therefore, as a compensating measure, I do hereby issue the following address to the people of the non-slaveholding States, on and after February 22, 1863, all free negroes within the limits of the Southern Confederacy shall be placed on Slave status, and be deemed to be chattels, they and their issue forever. All negroes who shall be taken in any of the States in which slavery does not now exist, in the progress of our Arms, shall be adjudged, immediately after such capture, to occupy the Slave status and in all States which shall be vanquished by our arms, all free negroes shall, *ipso facto*, be reduced to the condition of helotism, so that the respective normal conditions of the white and black races may be ultimately placed on a permanent basis," etc.

Announcements will be coming shortly from the Anderson Galleries, the American Art Galleries, and the Walpole Galleries. Sales all along the line are beginning earlier than usual this year although it is not yet apparent that there is any great rush of rarities into the auction market.

LIBRARIES OF CONSTANTINOPLE

THERE has been for a long time a growing interest and curiosity among bookmen in regard to early and rare manuscripts in the libraries of Constantinople. The mediæval Turks loved learning. Evidently the Sultan Ahmed (1703-1730) loved books, for he opened many libraries. In 1780 there were said to be thirty-five libraries in the city attached to the 887 mosques, besides a few that were independent. The number of libraries increased for a while, but latterly they have been destroyed. In 1913 there were forty still in good condition, which were used constantly by theological students, who might be seen sitting there at all hours of the day, consulting old manuscripts or reading some of the vast number of commentaries of the Koran. In recent years there have been great changes and many scholars have believed that new conditions would bring important discoveries.

Mary Mills Patrick, president emerita of Constantinople Woman's College, has written a long article for the *Christian Science Monitor* and the following paragraphs are somewhat condensed from her interesting account:

Among the most important of the mosque libraries were those of Mohammed the Conqueror, St. Sophia, of the Sultans Suleiman, Bayazid, and Selim and the so-called Nourie, Osmanieh and Lalei. Among the libraries unconnected with the mosques, the most noted were the Essad Library and the Ragib Pasha Library.

These libraries contained from one to five thousand manuscripts, each one carefully laid in a case to keep it from dust. Each library had an exact catalogue and no manuscript was ever lent outside. The libraries were endowed, the expense of maintenance always being provided by the founders. The endowment of the library of St. Sophia originally provided for about thirty employees, six of whom were charged with keeping a strict watch over the books and eight were supposed to look after the shoes of those who entered to read, as shoes must always be removed on entering any sacred building; a number had charge of the repairs, and some must always be ready to relieve their companions.

Our modern idea of a public library is one that, as a matter of course, contains all the newest books. But Turkish libraries were founded on quite the opposite plan, the most valuable Turkish libraries being those that contained the fewest new books and the most old ones. Strange though this sounds to us, these libraries, founded by caliphs and sultans who loved letters, and read only by the few, nevertheless formed a strong element in the national development. The lives of the illustrious rulers were written by a host of contemporary writers, and preserved here to inspire the pride of subjects. The founder of the library expended his best efforts to obtain the rarest books that existed in his time, and a series of libraries in this fashion brought the native literature almost up to date.

The old books were all in manuscripts. The most important books of every library were represented by a number of different copies, almost like an edition, if one can speak of an edition of a book in manuscript form. Illuminations also add greatly to the beauty of these manuscripts, especially in the books of the artistic Persians. In these libraries are to be found rare illuminated manuscripts collected not only from Persia, but also from Herat in Afghanistan, and even from Hindustan. These are often of exquisite beauty, one page alone being considered a priceless work of art by the possessor. From Persia also came most of the lovely covers of art and delicate leather with intricate and fanciful tooling in gilt.

Like so much that is picturesque and beautiful in the Orient, many of these libraries have passed away with the "snows of yesterday." During the war countless old manuscripts were taken from their places, removed for safety or for cupidity. Some of the library buildings with all their treasures were destroyed by the frequent fires that had devastated the city. The years of the war were in many ways years of license, and one could hardly hope after them to find in these old libraries all their original treasures.

NOTE AND COMMENT

IT IS believed that a discovery has been made which seems to refute once for all the theory that Shakespeare's plays were written by Bacon. It has just been disclosed to the London Shakespeare League by St. John Ervine, the distinguished critic. The proofs are contained in a diary hitherto unknown, which Mr. Ervine says is in an old English country house.

❧ ❧ ❧

Teachers interested in teaching science in the high schools will find a wealth of material in the "Bibliography of Science Teaching in Secondary Schools," the work of Earl R. Glenn assisted by Josephine Walker, just published by the United States Bureau of Education. More than 150 pages of references to books, magazines and newspaper articles will help the instructor locate the best current discussion of his work.

❧ ❧ ❧

Among the Shelleyana recently added to the collection of Gabriel Wells, the rare book dealer, is a contemporary portrait bearing the following inscription: "P. B. Shelley, sketched from life by E. E. Williams, Pisa, Nov. 27, 1821." This is evidently the portrait referred to by Mr. Ingpen in his "Shelley in England," where he states with reference to the "Posthumous Poems: A portrait was to have been added as a frontispiece to the book, but Mrs. Williams had mislaid a sketch of the poet, which Mrs. Shelley had lent her, until it was too late to use it." The present portrait is said to be the only contemporary portrait of the poet, excepting the Curran painting, in existence, although another portrait signed by R. Hancock may have been made from life.

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FOREIGN NOTES

IN HIS "L'Esplosione Rivoluzionaria del Risorgimento" (Milan: Corbaccio) Aldo Ferrari makes a valuable contribution to the history of the origins of the Risorgimento. In clear and succinct fashion he summarizes the facts and ideas of the French Revolution which helped to shape Italian affairs. In addition to his own account of events he presents a summary of the views of the principal Italian writers of the time.

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AMERICAN TURF REGISTER and Sporting Magazine, volume 15, 1844, also the following numbers or the engravings,—Vol. IV, October 1832, Indians gathering wild-rice. April 1833, "Timolion."—Volume VII, June 1836, "Tramp"—Volume VIII. November 1836 "Felt"—Volume XIV. April 1843, "Grey Eagle," January 1843, "Fashion."

Memorials of the Discovery and Early Settlement of the Bermudas, by Sir J. H. Lefroy, 2 vols. London 1877-79.

Down the West Branch by Capt. C. A. J. Farrar.

Heroes and Heroines of the Grand National.

The Acadians in Song and Story, Ficklin.

In Acadia, Ficklin, New Orleans, 1893.

"The Rock Floor of Intermont Plains of the Arid Regions" by Charles Rollins Keyes, pub. in Bulletin of Geological Society of America, vol. 19, 1908.

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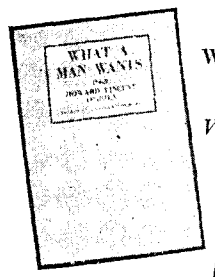

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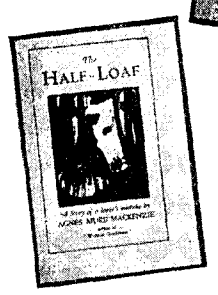

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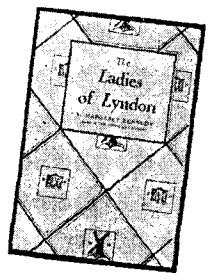

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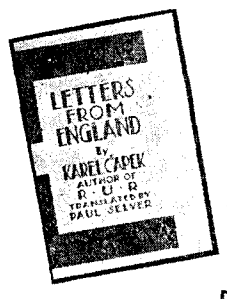

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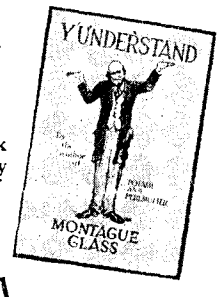

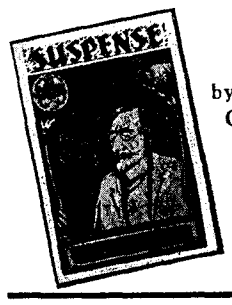

SUSPENSE
by *Joseph Conrad*
Conrad's last novel

Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Phoenix Nest

THE Fall season is now full upon us and the bookjackets are burgeoning like a flower-garden. * * * *Harriet Monroe*, the founder and Editor of *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, is the author of a new volume of poems "The Difference, and Other Poems," which includes her Columbian Ode. The Columbian Ode was delivered on the fourth-hundredth anniversary of the Discovery of America, on October 21st, 1892, and is preceded by a portrait of the author taken in 1892, whereas the portrait prefacing the book is of the author as she looks today. * * * Arthur W. Ryder has now for the first time completely translated The Panchatantra into English. The Panchatantra, means, literally, in Sanskrit, "five books," and the stories now retold in our own language, in some particulars rival the Arabian Nights Entertainments. "Summer," volume II of Romain Rolland's "The Soul Enchanted," has been translated from the French by Eleanor Stimson and Van Wyck Brooks. * * * Ralph Straus is always an entertaining author. Now, since "The Unseemly Adventure" and "Married Alive," he has produced "Volcano," a book which pictures an ardent feminine vice-crusader suddenly confronted by an eruption of the lava-bred flames of her own past. Mr. Straus has subtitled his book "A Frolic." * * * Harry Hervey, author of "Ethan Quest," "Caravans by Night," etc., is ill with fever at Angkor, but the third book of his new novel is finished. * * * We are glad that old Charley Finger, editor of *All's Well*, agrees with us about the fruitlessness and dreariness and manufactured sensationalism of the recent Dayton case. Charley gets down to the truth when he says, "A man may accept either the evolutionary or the creation theory and still deal intelligently with all the problems of life." That is all there is to it. * * * Of course we knew that *The Golden Book* magazine would prove to contain too good an idea not to be imitated. It has been. The Famous Story Publishing Company, Cable Address "Dellpub," (We always did love the Jabberwockian note in cable addresses) is publishing *The Famous Story Magazine*. * * * It's the same general idea, though of course the material chosen is different. Well—the sincerest form of flattery, Mr. Lanier! Etcetera, etceteray! * * * Blanche Colton Williams has written us from Le Daunou Hotel, Paris (Addresse Télégraphique—You see we're collecting 'em!—Daunouad).

Dear Phc..ician:

Why 'why, Blanche?' me? Because of the title? Of course, you couldn't know a better man than I invented that. It's a good brochure. Try it! That is, if you must read. I admit a preference for the wheatfields and vineyards of Touraine.

* * * Miss Williams refers to her brochure on Harold Bell Wright. We applaud her preference. * * * Webb Waldron's new novel "Shanklin" is pretty sure to be worth reading. * * * His publisher is no longer the Century Company, but Bobbs-Merrill. * * * But that remark of Miss Williams's has left a barb sticking in us. We *must* read, yes. But she needn't suppose we wouldn't rather be among the vineyards. Wheat and the grape! A ballade about the only real needs of life might be written with the rich refrain, "Wheat and the grape are all one needs!," or something like that, and the statement would be approximately accurate. * * * A group of the younger negro writers are now trying to express themselves in *Opportunity, A Journal of Negro Life*, published by the National Urban League at 127 East 23rd Street. Charles S. Johnson is the editor. * * * Last May *Opportunity* made its awards in a nation-wide literary contest. This fall, two of the then prize winners will have books on the market, viz: "Color," by Countee Cullen, published by Macmillan, and "The Weary Blues," by Langston Hughes, published by Knopf. Also many of the stories and poems of the contest are appearing in the compilation brought out by the Bonis entitled "The New Negro." * * * A friend of these young negro writers has now made possible a second contest. The contest will probably close on January 31st. * * * E. Sinclair Hertell, who is conducting a column called "The Wine-Press" in *The Catholic Churchman*, tells us that Miss Susan Ertz says that her book will be published in January or thereabouts. She says, further, "It will either be called "The Lesters" or "The Lesters in Love" or "The Loves of the Lesters." I haven't yet decided which. I am just finishing it now."

* * * *The Hue and Cry*, published in Woodstock, N. Y., has recently brought out an annual, containing work by Richard Hughes, Margery Williams, Pamela Bianco, Richard Le Gallienne, Peggy Bacon, etc. * * * "The Doughboys' Book" by Carty Ranck, who was "press agent for the American Army in France," is an interesting volume. It gives pretty accurately the point of view of the actual fighting-man. * * * Hugh Walpole's new novel, "Hammer John," still about the Cathedral town of Polchester, is beginning as a serial in *Harper's Bazaar*. * * * Turning up the mail, turning up the mail, strange things come to light, turning up the mail. * * * For instance, we've just printed Blanche Colton Williams's note from Paris, and now here is a letter from her in New York, written two weeks later. She had to come back on the same boat as her note from Paris. * * * This second letter says that Mr. Samuel Scoville said "O'Brien Prize Story Memorial" when he meant "O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories." Miss Williams concludes:

"On page ix of the volume for 1923 I listed 'The Sea King' by Samuel Scoville, among the first stories of the year. But the author of so capital a tale would be incapable of "weird" and of the attendant illogical implications. Must be another Samuel."

* * * It ain't though. * * * Now listen, Poicks. *Adventure* is cutting loose from the general magazine habit of using poems merely as "fillers." From sonnet length up they are going to give at least a full page each or a full page shared by two poems. They are also going to try to print poetry, not "magazine verse." They will print only one or two poems an issue in their three issues a month. They will pay a dollar a line for all ordinary lengths, at a minimum of fifteen dollars a pome. On poems of more than one hundred lines, seventy-five cents a line, but a minimum of one hundred dollars a poem.

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